

GLISS CARMAN

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THE PURPOSE OF POETRY.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

BEFORE considering any of the aims and purposes of poetry, or any of its essential characteristics, it will be helpful to consider it in its place, as one of the fine arts. If we then ask ourselves what the fine arts are to do for us, what place they are to hold in a civilized nation, we shall perhaps be able to look at poetry in a broader way than we otherwise could; we shall be able to think of it, not merely as a pleasant and amusing diversion, but as one of the potent factors in history.

If we try to find a place for the fine arts among our various human activities, we might begin by making a rough classification of our subject in this way: the most primitive and necessary occupations we engage in, such as fishing and agriculture, trading, navigating, hunting, etc., we call industries. These marked the earliest stage of man's career in civilization. Then he comes to other occupations, requiring more skill and ingenuity; he weaves fabrics, he makes himself houses, he fashions all sorts of implements for the household and the chase. He becomes a builder, a potter, a metal worker, an inventor. He has added

thought to work and made the work easier. And these new occupations which he has discovered for himself differ from his earlier ones, chiefly in this, that they result in numerous objects of more or less permanence, cunningly contrived and aptly fitted to use. They are objects of useful or industrial art.

We must note two things about this step forward which man has taken toward civilization: in the first place he had to have some leisure to do these things, and in the second place the objects he has made reveal his ingenuity and forethought. They are records of his life. And it will happen that, as his leisure increases, his implements will become more and more elaborate and ornate. Every workman will have his own way of fashioning them, using his own device and designs, so that they will become something more than rude relics of one historic age or another: they will tell us something of the artificer himself; they will embody some intentional expression of human life, and come to have an art value. In so far as they can do this, they contain the essential quality of the fine arts. And the more freely the workman can deal with his craft, the more perfectly he can make it characteristic of himself, the greater will its artistic quality become.

The only purpose of the primitive industries was a utilitarian one. The prime object of the industrial arts is also a utilitarian one; but they have a secondary object as well, they aim at beauty too. They not only serve the practical end for which they were intended; they serve also as

a means of expression for the workmen. Now just as we passed from the industries to the industrial arts, by the addition of this secondary interest, this human artistic expressional quality, so by making this quality paramount, we may pass from the industrial arts to the fine arts, where expression is all important and utility is almost lost sight of. It is the distinguishing mark of the fine arts that they give us a means of expressing ourselves in terms of intelligible beauty.

I have made this distinction between the fine and the industrial merely for the sake of clarifying our ideas, and getting a notion of what is the essence of all art. But really the difference is not important and, having served its turn, may be forgotten. There is an element of art, of course, in everything that we do; the manner of the doing, that is the art. The quality of art which we should appreciate and respect may quite as truly be present in a Japanese tobacco box as in a Greek Tragedy. The Japanese, indeed, offer an instance of a people who have raised the handicrafts quite to the level of the fine arts. All those fascinating objects of beauty, which they contrive with so much skill, are often, one may guess, only as many excuses for the workman to exhibit his deftness and his taste. This black oak cabinet inlaid with pearl, or that lacquer bowl, may perhaps be counted useful objects; but I fancy that before all else they were just so many opportunities for the artist; and when he fashioned them he had in mind only the creation of something beautiful, and

thought very little of the use to which they might be put. He was bent on giving play to his imagination, and you may be very sure he was glad in the work of his hands and wrought all those intricate effects with loving care. Surely the result is much more deserving of respect than a mediocre epic or a second-rate painting. It is not what we do that counts, but how well we do it. There is no saying one kind of work is art, and another kind is not art. Anything that is well done is art; anything that is badly done is rotten.

I do not wish, either, to confine the word "useful," in its application, to our material needs. Everything we do ought to be useful, and so it is, if it is done well. Tables and chairs are useful; but so are pictures and cathedrals and lyrics and the theatre. If we allow ourselves only what are called the necessities of life, we are only keeping alive one-third of being; the other two-thirds of our manhood may be starving to death. The mind and the soul have their necessities, as well as the body. And we are to seek these things, not only for our future salvation, but for our salvation here and now, that our lives may be helpful and sane and happy.

It is often easy to see how a fine art may grow from some more necessary and commonplace undertaking. The fine art of painting, for instance, arose of course from the use of ornamental lines and figures, drawn on pottery, or on the walls of a skin tent, where it served only to enhance the value of the craftsman's work, and please his fancy. Gradually, through stages of mural

decoration, perhaps, where ever-increasing freedom of execution was given the artist, its first ornamental purpose was forgotten, and it came to serve only as a means of expressing the artist's imaginative ideals. So too of sculpture and architecture, of dancing and acting. It is an easy transition from the light-hearted superfluous skip of a child as it runs, to the more formal dance-step, as the child keeps time to music and gives vent to its gayety of spirit. It is an easy transition from gesture and sign-language, employed as a useful means of communication, to their more elaborate use in the art of acting, where they serve merely to create an illusion. So, too, whenever a piece of information is conveyed by word of mouth, and the teller of the tale elaborates it with zest and interest, making it more memorable and vivid, the fine art of letters is born.

We may notice again that the quality of art begins to appear in all our occupations, as the dire stress of existence is relieved and man's spirit begins to have free play. Art is an indication of health and happy exuberance of life; it is as instinctive and spontaneous in its origin as child's play. To produce it naturally the artist must be free, for the time being at least,—free from all doubt or hesitation about the truth, free from all material entanglements, free from all dejection and sadness of heart. So that the primitive industries mark the first grade in the human story, when we were barely escaping from the necessity for unremitting hand-to-hand physical struggle for life; and the second grade in our progress is

marked by the appearance of the industrial arts; while we may look on the fine arts as an index of the highest development, as we pass from savagery and barbarism to civilization. And perhaps we shall not go very far astray, in our comparative estimate of nations, and their greatness on the earth, if we rank them in the order of their proficiency in the arts.

The fine arts, having thus had their rise in the free play of the human spirit, as it went about its work in the world and busied itself with the concerns of life, became a natural vehicle for giving expression to all men's aspirations and thoughts about life. Indeed it was this very simple elemental need for self-expression, as a trait in human character, which helped to determine what the fine arts should be. To communicate our feelings, to transmit knowledge, to amuse ourselves by creating a mimic world with imaginative shapes of beauty, these were fundamental cravings, lurking deep in the spirit of man, and demanding satisfaction, almost as imperiously as the desires of the body. If hunger and cold made us industrious humans, no less certainly love of companionship and need for self-expression moulded our breath into articulate speech.

Since therefore the fine arts are so truly a creation of man, we may expect to find in them a trustworthy image of himself. Whatever is human will be there. All our thoughts, all our emotions, all our sensations and hopes and fears. They will reveal and embody in themselves all the traits of our complex nature. Art is that lovely

corporeal body with which man endowers the spirit of goodness and the thought of truth. For there are in man these three great principles,—a capacity for finding out the truth and distinguishing it from error, a capacity for perceiving goodness and knowing it from evil, and a capacity for discriminating between what is ugly and what is fair. By virtue of the first of these powers, man has sought knowledge,—has become the philosopher and scientist; by virtue of the second, he has evolved religions and laws, and social order and advancement; while by virtue of the third he has become an artist. Yet we must be careful not to suppose that either one of these powers ever comes into play entirely alone; for man has not three separate natures, but one nature with three different phases. When therefore man finds expression for his complete personality in the fine arts, you may always expect to find there, not only creations of beauty, but monuments of wisdom and religion as well. Art can no more exist without having a moral bearing, than a body can exist without a soul. Its influence may be for good or for bad, but it is there and it is inevitable. In the same way no art can exist without an underlying philosophy, any more than man can exist without a mind. The philosophy may be trivial or profound, but it is always present.

Art, therefore, is enlisted beyond escape, both in the service of science and in the service of religion. Great art appears wherever the heart of man has been able to manifest itself in a perfectly beautiful guise, informed by thoughts of

radiant truth, and inspired by emotions of limitless goodness. Any piece of art which does not fulfill its obligations to truth and goodness, as well as to beauty, is necessarily faulty and incomplete.

At first thought perhaps you might not be quite ready to admit such a canon of criticism as this; for truth is the object of all science, and goodness is the object of all morality, and some persons have been accustomed to say that art has nothing whatever to do with either morality or science, but exists for its own sake alone, for the increase and perpetuation of pleasure. But art cannot give us complete pleasure, if it appeals only to our senses, and leaves unsatisfied our natural curiosity and wonder,—our need for understanding, and our need for loving. That is to say, our reason and our emotion must always be appealed to, as well as our sense of beauty.

For instance, I am to be entranced by the beautiful diction and cadence of the poem; at the same time, its conception of life and universe may be patently false and puerile, and from that point of view it would not please me at all; it would disgust me. Or it might show a just estimate of life, it might be true to philosophy and science, and yet celebrate some mean or base or ignoble or cruel incident in a way that would be revolting to my spirit. In other words, while it satisfied my sense of beauty, it might fail utterly to satisfy my sense of right or my desire for truth. To be wholly pleasing, the fine arts must satisfy the mind with its insatiable curiosity, and the

soul with its love of justice, quite as thoroughly as they satisfy the needs of the senses.

To my mind the great pre-eminence of Browning as a poet does not rest on any profound philosophy to be found in his work, nor in his superior craftsmanship, not yet in his generous uplifting impulse and the way with which he arouses our feelings, but rather on the fact that he possessed all these three requirements of a poet in an equally marked degree. The work of Poe or of William Morris, on the other hand, does not exhibit this fine balance of strength, intellectuality, and passion. On its sensuous side, it is wonderfully beautiful; and yet it is not wholly satisfying, since it fails to give us enough to think about. Its mentality is too slight. Neither of these poets, to judge from his poetry alone, had any large and firm grasp of the thought of the world, such as Browning possessed, and that is why the wizardry of Poe and the luring charm of Morris are not more effective. An artist must be also a thinker and a prophet, if his creations are to have the breath of life. And again, poetry may easily fail by being overladen with this same requisite of mentality. It may have more thought than it can carry. Browning himself, in several of his later books, like the "*Inn Album*," quite loses the fine poise of his powers, and almost ceases to be a poet, in his desire to be a philosopher.

All this is so fundamentally important, that we cannot have it too clearly in mind. It is the one great central truth, which must illumine all criti-

cism, and help our understanding of life, as well as of art.

When we say however that it is the business of art to give pleasure, in all three of these possible ways, of course we must not suppose that the arts do not differ one from another, in their ability to meet such demand. The art of music cannot satisfy my reason as completely as the art of poetry, for example; because it cannot transmit a logical statement of fact. It may appeal to my senses more charmingly than poetry can; it may arouse my emotions profoundly; but it cannot appeal to my mind in the way poetry does. On the other hand poetry itself is less strictly rational than prose literature; it does not attempt to satisfy our curiosity as completely as prose does, though it pleases our æsthetic sense more. There need be no question of one art being greater or less than another; we need only remember the way in which they vary, and how each has a different proportion of the three requirements which are necessary to them all.

To speak quite simply, then, art is concerned first of all in the creation of beauty. At the same time it is closely related to science on one side and religion on the other. But how? I suppose we may say (to speak again quite roughly) that science is all we know about things, and religion is all we feel about them. Naturally therefore every artistic conception to which we give expression will betray something both of our philosophy and of our morality. It cannot be otherwise. In the case of literature the human

spirit is finding expression for itself through the medium of human speech; and speech is the most exact means we have for conveying definite thought, and narrating facts. So that every literature contains a great body of work which is almost pure science. In De Quincey's useful phrase, "There is a literature of knowledge and a literature of power." Euclid's *Geometry*, Newton's "*Principia*," Darwin's "*Origin of Species*," are works of science rather than of letters. They appeal solely to our reason, and do not attempt to please our sense of the beautiful by their literary structure and the arrangement of verbal sounds, nor to work upon our emotions in any way. Euclid does not care whether you like his XLVIII. proposition or not, so long as he can convince you that it is true. Neither does Darwin care whether his theory pleases you or not. He is only interested in getting at the truth. How that truth may affect our feeling is quite another matter. It is so too of the theological and philosophic writers, like Spinoza and Kant; they are primarily scientists, not artists. But when you pass from these austere reasoners to a work like Plato's *Dialogues*, you perceive that two new elements have entered into the making of the book. Plato is not only interested in finding out the truth, and convincing you of its reasonableness; he wishes at the same time to make the truth seem pleasant and good; he tries to enlist your feelings on his side; and also to satisfy your sense of beauty with his form of words. He has added a religious value

and an art value to the theme of pure philosophy. He has made his book a piece of literature.

And as literature is related to science on one hand, it is related to religion on the other. A book of meditation or of hymns may be extremely devout in sentiment, without possessing any value as literature. Because, very often it takes a certain set of ideas for granted, without caring very much whether they are the largest and truest ideas or not; and also because it makes no effort to be fine and distinguished in its diction. It may be entirely worthy in the fervor of its sentiment, and yet be quite unworthy in an artistic way. With great religious books this is not so. Works like the Psalms or passages of Isaiah, or the poetry of Job, or Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," are first of all religious in their intention,—they are meant to play upon our emotional nature: but they do not stop there; they are cast in a form of words so perfect and fresh that it arrests us at once, and satisfies our love of beauty. At the same time they accord with the most profound and fundamental ideas about life and nature that humanity has been capable of. They satisfy our mind and our æsthetic sense, as well as our spiritual need. It is because of this three-fold completeness, that we class them as pieces of literature, and not merely as records of religious enthusiasm. Depth of religious feeling alone would not have been sufficient to make them literature, any more than clear thinking and accurate reason alone could have made Plato's book a piece of literature.

We must remember, too, how vapid the artistic quality is, when it exists by itself without adequate intelligence and underlying purpose. Think how much of modern art is characterized by nothing but form, how devoid it is of ideas, how lacking in anything like passionate enthusiasm. I believe this is to some extent due to our failure to realize that these components of which I have been speaking are absolutely requisite in all art. We forget that there is laid upon art any obligation except to be beautiful; we forget that it must embody the truest thought man has been able to reach, and enshrine the noblest impulses he has entertained. This is not so much a duty for art to undertake, as an inescapable destiny and natural function.

It is a sad day for a people when their art becomes divorced from the current of their life, when it comes to be looked on as something precious but unimportant, having nothing at all to do with their social structure, their education, their political ideas, their faith or their daily vocations. But I fear that we ourselves are living in just such a time. Fine arts may be patronized even liberally, but you could not say they have any hold on us as a people; we have no wide feelings for them, no profound conviction of their importance.

There may be many reasons for this, and it is a question with which we are not directly concerned here. One reason there is, however, it seems to me, which is too important not to be referred to. The fine arts, as I tried to show a few pages back, are an outgrowth and finer development of

the industrial arts. One would expect them to flourish only in a nation where the industrial arts flourish; only in such a nation would the great body of the people be infused with the popular love of beauty, and a feeling for art, which could create a stimulating, artistic atmosphere, and out of which great artists could be born. So much will be readily admitted. But under modern industrial and commercial conditions, the industrial arts are dead; they have been killed by the exigencies of our business processes. The industrial artist has become the factory-hand. To produce anything worth while, either in the fine or in the industrial arts, it is necessary that the worker should not be hurried, and should have some freedom to do his work in his own way, according to his own delight and fancy. The modern workman, on the contrary, is a slave to his conditions; he can earn his bread only by working with a maximum of speed, and a minimum of conscientiousness. He can have neither pleasure nor pride in his work; and consequently that work can have no artistic value whatever. The result is, that not only have we almost no industrial arts, properly speaking, but the modern workman is losing all natural taste and love of beauty, through being denied all exercise of that faculty. If you allow me to learn the art of a book-binder, or a potter, or a rug-maker, and to follow it for myself as best I can, my perception and love of what is beautiful will grow with my growing skill. But if you put me to work in a modern factory, where such things, or rather where hideous imitations of

those things, are produced, I should not be able to exercise my creative talent at all, and whatever love of beauty I may have had will perish for lack of use. Thus it happens that the average man to-day has so little appreciation of beauty, so little instinctive taste; and that art and letters occupy so small a place in our regard. Before we can re-instate them in that position of honor which they have hitherto held among civilized nations, we shall have to find some solution for our industrial difficulties.

It may seem at a superficial glance that the arts are all very well as a pass-time, for the enjoyment of the few, but can have no imperative call for busy men and women in active modern life. And if we should be told that, as a nation, we have no widespread love of beauty, no popular taste in artistic matters, we would not take the accusation very much to heart. We should probably admit it, and turn with pride to point to our wonderful material success, our achievements in the realm of trade and commerce, our unmatched prosperity and wealth. But that answer will not do. You may lead me through the streets of our great cities, and fill my ears with stories of our uncounted millions of money, our unrivalled advance among the nations; but that will not divert my soul from horror at a state of society where municipal government is a venial farce, where there is little reverence for law, where Mammon is a real God, and where every week there are instances of mob violence, as revolting as any that ever stained the history of the Emperors of degen-

erate Rome. We may brag our loudest to ourselves, but the soul is not deceived. She sits at the centre of the being, judging severely our violence, our folly, and our crime. And when at last we come to our senses, and perceive to what a condition of shame we have fallen from our high estate as a freedom-loving people, we may be able to restore some of those ideals which we have lost,—ideals of common honesty, of civic liberty, of simple unostentatious life, of social order and law and security.

All this of course goes almost without saying. But the point I wish to make is, that this decay in moral standards goes hand in hand with our loss of taste. Our sense of beauty and our sense of goodness are so closely related, that any injury to the one means an injury to the other. You cannot expect the nation which cares nothing at all for art to care very much for justice or righteousness. You cannot expect a man who does not care how hideous his surroundings are to care very much about his moral obligations. And we shall never reach that national position of true greatness, which many Americans have dreamed of; we shall lose entirely those personal traits of dignity, honor, and kindness, which many old-fashioned Americans still retain, unless we recognize the vital need of moral standards, and æsthetic ideals, and set ourselves to secure them. The two must go hand in hand.

If you ask me why America is producing for the most part only that which is mediocre in art and literature, I am forced to reply, that it is

because the average man among us has so little respect for moral ideals. In a restless age we may resort to all kinds of reform, but no scheme of social betterment will take the place of personal obligation and integrity. It all comes back to the man at last. We don't need socialism or imperialism, or free trade, or public ownership of monopolies, or state control of trusts, as much as we need honest men, men in public life and private enterprise who have some standard of conduct higher than insatiable self-interest.

Such ideals of conduct, in the widest sense, it is the aim of art to supply, and education to inculcate. And education like art has its three-fold object. It has to set itself not only to train our minds, in a desire for the truth, but at the same time to train our spirits to love only what is good, and our bodies to take pleasure only in what is beautiful and wholesome; and the work of education in any one of these directions must always be intimately related with its work in the other two. Emerson's wise phrase is profoundly true here—

“ All are needed by each one.
Nothing is fair or good alone.”

An education which does not quicken the conscience, and stimulate and refine all our senses, and instincts, along with the growing reason, must still remain a faulty education at best.

I am sure we cannot lay too much stress on this philosophic conception of man, and the three aspects of his nature. I believe it will be found a helpful solvent of many difficulties in education,

in art, in life, in social and political aims. I believe that without it, all our endeavors for advancement in civilization will be sadly hampered and retarded, if not frustrated altogether. For the simple reason that art and civilization and social order exist for man; and they must therefore be adapted to the three differing kinds of requirements in his make-up. His intellectual needs and capacities must be trained and provided for; his great emotional and spiritual needs and powers must be given exercise; his sensitive physical instincts must be guided and developed.

With this notion in mind, we may turn for a few minutes to consider what tasks literature must set itself, and what it may be expected to do for a people. In the first place, it is the business of literature, as of all the arts, to create an illusion,—to project upon the imagination a mimic world, true to life, as we say, and at the same time more goodly and fair than the actual one we know. For, unless the world of art be in some way more delightful than the world of our every-day experience, why should we ever visit it? We turn in sympathy to art, to music or reading, or objects of lovely color and shape, for recreation and refreshment, for solace and inspiration. We ask to find in it, ready to hand, these helpful and pleasant qualities which are so hard to find in real life. And the art which does not give them to us is disappointing, however clever it may be. It is this necessity for finding the beautiful, this necessity for providing an immediate pleasure, that makes

pure realism unsatisfying in art. Realism is necessary, but not sufficient.

For instance, you bring me a photograph of a beautiful elm-shaded street in an old New England town. It fills my eye instantly with a delightful scene. But by and by something in it begins to offend me, and I see that the telegraph pole is too obtrusive, and spoils the composition and balance of the picture. The photograph loses its value, as a pleasure-giving piece of realism. Now a painter in reproducing the same scene would probably have left out the telegraph pole. That is the difference. And that is why photography, as usually practised, is not one of the fine arts. It is said by those who contend for realism, for the photographic in literature, that art must be true to nature: and so it must to a certain extent; but there are other things besides the physical fact, to which it must conform. Your photograph was true to nature, but it was not true to my memory of the scene. The painter's reproduction was truer to that; he preserved for me the delightful impression I carried away on that wonderful June morning, when I visited the spot. For me his picture is more accurate than the photograph. When I was there, I probably did not see the telegraph pole at all. It is therefore right that literature and art should attempt something more than the exact reproduction of things as they are, and should give us a city more charming and a country more delectable to dwell in than any our feet have ever trod, and should people that world with characters, varied and fascinat-

ing as in real life, but more satisfying than any we have ever known.

There is another reason why art must be more than photographic; as time goes by and the earth grows old, man himself develops, however slowly, in nobleness and understanding. His life becomes different from what it was. He gradually brings it into conformity with certain ideals and aspirations which have occurred to him. These new ideals and aspirations have always made their first appearance in art and literature, before they were realized in actual life. Imagination is our lamp upon the difficult path of progress. So that, even in its outward aspect, art must differ from nature. The world is by no means perfect, but it is always tending toward perfection, and it is our business to help that tendency. We must make our lives more and more beautiful, simply because by so doing we make ourselves more healthy and happy. To this end, art supplies us with standards, and keeps us constantly in mind of what perfection is. If we live much under the influence of good art, ugliness becomes impossible. As long as we are satisfied with the photograph we are content to have the telegraph pole. And we shall continue to be satisfied with them both until the artist comes and shows us the blemish. As soon as we perceive the fault, we begin to want the telegraph pole removed. This is what a clever writer meant when he said that art does not follow nature, but nature follows art.

I lay so much stress on this point, because we have somewhat lost the conviction that literature

and art must be more beautiful than life. We readily admit that they must be sincere servants of truth, and exemplars of noble sentiment, but there is an idea abroad that, in its form and substance, art need only copy nature. This, I believe, is what our grandfathers might have called a pestilent heresy.

If art and literature are devoted to the service of beauty, no less are they dedicated to the service of truth and goodness. In the phrase which Arnold used to quote, it is their business to make reason and the will of God prevail. So that while literature must fulfill the obligations laid upon it to be delightful,—to charm and entertain us, with perennial pleasure,—quite as scrupulously must it meet our demands for knowledge, and satisfy our spiritual needs. To meet the first of these demands, of course it is not necessary for literature to treat of scientific subjects; it must however be enlightened by the soundest philosophy at its command, and informed with all the knowledge of its time. It may not deal directly with the thought of its age, but it must never be at variance with truth. There can be no quarrel between science and art, for art sooner or later makes use of all knowledge, all discoveries, all new ideas. It is the business of art to assimilate new knowledge, and make it a power; for knowledge is not power, so long as it remains mere knowledge, and does not pass from the mind into the domain of the will.

In a scientific age like our own, when the limits of knowledge are being extended so rapidly, prose

is a more acceptable medium of expression than poetry because it can keep much nearer to science than poetry can; though poetry in the long run has quite as much need of accurate wide information as prose has.

It is only that they make different use of the same material. Prose serves to bring us definite reports of science, it appeals to our reason, our curiosity. But poetry has another motive as well; it wishes to emphasize its subject, so that we can not only know it more clearly, but feel about it more deeply. Of course prose has this aim in view also, though to a less extent; and it invades the dominion of poetry whenever this aim becomes paramount. So that in literature we must never too dogmatically try to separate prose from poetry.

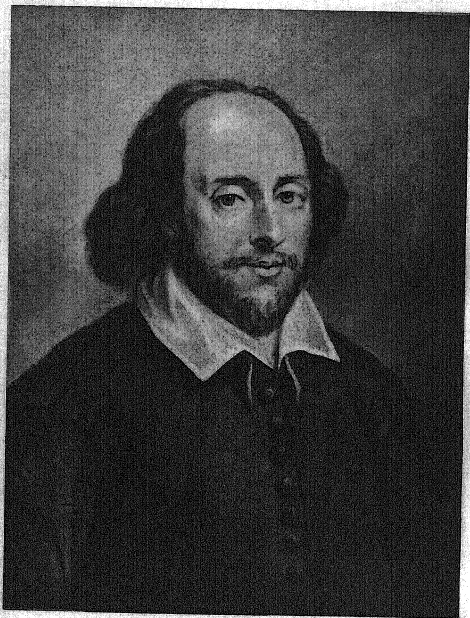
The attempt which literature makes to deepen our feeling about a subject, is the spiritual purpose of art. And this spiritual or moral influence is always present in all literature, whether apparent or not. Art has its religious value, not because it deals directly with religious themes, but because it plays upon our moral nature, and then enhances our emotions. How intrinsically incumbent it is upon art, therefore, to stimulate our generous and kindly feelings, rather than our cruel or violent or selfish impulses!

It may often be necessary for art and literature to deal with human crime and depravity and moral obliquity, but it must never dwell upon them exclusively, nor make them seem to prevail. For evil does not rule the world; however power-

ful it may seem for the moment, in the long run it is overcome by the good. There is a tendency in modern letters to deal with repulsive themes, and depict for us the frailty and sorry shortcomings of human nature, and to do this with an almost scientific accuracy. Some people praise this sort of thing, as being true to life; while others call it immoral, because it touches upon such subjects at all. A juster view of the matter may perhaps lead us to a different opinion. Since it is the prime duty of art to make us happy, to give us encouragement and joy, to urge and support our spirits, to ennoble and enrich our lives, surely the one way in which art can be most immoral, is to leave us depressed, and sad, and uncertain of the final issue between sorrow and gladness.

I have not said much about the technic of poetry, because I wished to indicate, if I could, a scope and destiny for poetic art more significant than we are accustomed to grant it. If we assure ourselves of the vital importance of art to a nation, if we set ourselves resolutely to change the tenor of public sentiment in regard to it, if we turn from the absorbing and ridiculous worship of unnecessary possessions, and devote ourselves generously to the cause of beauty and kindness, the specific development of poetry may be left to take care of itself.

Bliss Carman



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Volume One.

**Of Home: of
Friendship**

Introduction

The Purpose of Poetry

By

Miss Carman

Introductory Essay

Young People and the Poets

By

William D. MacClintock

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The BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, Indianapolis.—*J. W. Riley*: "The Days Gone By," "Honey Dripping from the Comb," "A Life-Lesson," "Little Orphant Annie," "The Man in the Moon."

BRENTANOS, New York.—*J. H. Boner*: "The Light'ood Fire."

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Lucy Larcom: "By the Fireside;" *H. W. Longfellow*: "Beware!" "The Household Sovereign," "Maidenhood," "My Lost Youth," "The Day is Done," "There was a Little Girl," "The Village Blacksmith;" *J. R. Lowell*: "The Heritage," "She Came and Went," "Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire;" *Nora Perry*: "Riding Down;" *Annie D. G. Robinson*: "Two Pictures;" *F. D. Sherman*: "The Shadows;" *H. van Dyke*: "The Child in the Garden;" *J. G. Whittier*: "The Barefoot Boy," "Benedicite," "In School Days," "A New England Home in Winter."

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, New York.—*Harriet W. Durbin*: "The Little Dutch Garden."

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II.

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PUBLISHERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST POETRY.

1904.

Charles T. Brooks (Mrs. Harriet Lyman Brooks); *Mary A. De Vere*; *O. Herford*; *Margaret T. Janvier*; *J. E. Rankin*; *Annie R. Stillman*.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE POETS.

BY WILLIAM DARNALL MACCLINTOCK.

WHEN it comes to poetry all of us are equally young and gay. The only thing your older friend, the critic, has a right to do is to run ahead, calling and beckoning you to fine pleasures a little higher up or over the hill.

Why then does he urge you to read for yourself these goodly volumes of poetry?

The poets write first of all not to teach us, but to give us pleasure. If you will read them happily you will like them, you will remember and delight to say over their great lines. They will take you to a bright, romantic world of interesting people and places, where everything is choice, well arranged, full of warmth, of color, of movement, and where even sad things are sweet. That is almost enough; for he who gives you joy wherein you know you are not abusing some sacred faculty nor taking joy from some one else, brings a gift into whose perfection you need not inquire.

For pleasure.

But you are now not a mere child, and I trust you care to know something of what is happening in your mind as you enjoy this other-world of the poets.

Training the
imagination.

By all art, but especially by poetry,
your imagination will be aroused and
cultivated. This means several things.

By this faculty we make and see images and
pictures. Take for example these pictures:

"There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas." . . .

"The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices."

—TENNYSON: *Ulysses*.

Do you not, like Odysseus himself, see with your
eyes the harbor, the boat ready, and do you not
hear him call to his comrades to

"Push off and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows"?

Such clear, concrete pictures the poets give you
everywhere.

Sometimes, too, these images are addressed to
the ear. Hear this:

"bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peak of Furness fells
Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells."

—WORDSWORTH: *Nuns fret not*, etc.

Sometimes they appeal to the taste, as in

"lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon."

—KEATS: *Eve of St. Agnes*.

Now the poets make you realize and enjoy these
vivid images; you learn through them to recall
your own mental pictures, to make them clear and
consistent, and to describe them in telling words.

By the imagination also poets take many bits of things they have seen, heard or felt, and build them into new wholes which they have never seen, yet which are beautiful and inspiring. These new creations always have some satisfying idea in them, as of things that might be or should be on earth, as showing justice or mercy at work, as delighting our sense of peace or beauty better than anything we have known, or as filled with charming people doing delightful things. Just above our human world there is made this new world, smaller but nearer our ideals, in which we live freely and happily.

It is by the imagination, too, that we seem to penetrate into the very depths of things,—as if with a new and powerful eye. Hear Lear's pathetic exclamation :

“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!”

—SHAKESPEARE : *King Lear* ;

or Emerson's radiant truth about the poets :

“Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so.”

—EMERSON : *Ode to Beauty*.

These swift glancings of the “mind's eye” make you see life more deeply, and they keep you from being commonplace, alive only because you are breathing.

We say, further, that it is by the imagination we spread the atmosphere of a gentle feeling over the face of a sharp image,—as the golden light of evening over a clear but hard landscape. So it is with

the artistic word "sleep" (noted by Ruskin) in Lorenzo's exclamation:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."

—SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*.

Here the word expresses both the bare fact of the moonlight lying or being on the grassy bank, and the tender aliveness of the night's soft light.

Read the poets, then, because they fill your mind with these lively pictures, teach you to make them for yourselves, make you eager to create new wholes—houses, landscapes, creatures, people and their actions—and then make all these full of meaning and value for you. The poet's world is a living, moving world, and you have living emotions toward it.

Best of all, the poets will train your imaginations, as well as arouse them into activity. It would be unfortunate if your imaginations should become merely "fanciful," making up accidental, "idle" combinations—like those of a kaleidoscope—without any truth or wisdom in them. These new creations of the imagination should have in each some principle of physical or human nature, should be consistent, presenting things you would like to see and handle. Now whatever the great poets build up has in it these qualities. When you read them much you will be delighted to see your mere childish games of fancy begin to give place for the new but real beings "who do not walk the earth, and yet are of it." They make you, like the great inventors, constantly create new objects, yet always desire that these creations should please and serve mankind.

It is good to read and memorize poetry because it brings us so immediately into the presence of art and distinction. Too easily we grow limp and slovenly, doing things "rather more or less," as Kipling says. Most of us must be taught, even urged, to do things in the best way, to speak, and write, and play, and work as perfectly as possible.

It gives art
and
distinction.

Loving beauty and making art, the poet is always trying to be perfect. His words are costly and very expressive, he wishes to waste nothing and never idly repeats himself—just "running on"; how compact and orderly is his work; and after its outlines are well constructed how lovingly he carves and decorates each line!

Reading it, you are put in an elevated mood, you are "tuned up." You at once speak more choicely, your manners improve, your work is more orderly, you are not pleased with coarse or merely foolish pleasures. This artistic mood is not something for artists only; it is for everybody, doing everything.

To be sure, it doesn't come at once and always stay with us. It can be easily scoffed out of the mind, and the lazy, slipshod ways come back. But read the great verses often and you will reap the spirit of art in all things—the spirit that elevates, that gives skill, that fascinates the mind with perfection.

Another splendid service poets perform is that of bringing you to a fresh, distant, enchanted land. They satisfy your longing for escape, for sea and land travel,

Bringing a
far-away ro-
mantic world.

for new scenes, for the heroic unknown. Reading them, your

"soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian bay."

—BUCHANAN READ: *Drifting*.

Life, even to the happiest, is often tiresome, too full of work, having the same people and objects about us. Young people soon exhaust—for the moment—their first pleasures in their homes, play, studies, their mates and even their dreams. Then, too, your instincts are drawing you out from yourselves, making you become part of other and richer worlds. You are not permitted to be a small, fixed, narrow soul. Hence these passions in you for things distant, for always learning something new,

"For old, unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago."

—WORDSWORTH: *A Solitary Reaper*.

This restless eagerness can become a disease, of course, leading to idle discontent. We must learn too the good that lies in "life's familiar face." But first of all we have a right to send our souls journeying with these poet-romancers to old times, to Spain and India, to romantic castles, to wild mountains and deep forests and wave-breaking sea-shores, to people even lovelier than smile upon us here.

Poetry for
beauty and
adornment.

Wordsworth thought that young people had a decided liking for a world "loftier, more adorned, more highly colored," than that of their ordinary life, and that their expectation is always standing on tiptoe for

"Something evermore about to be."

The poets do present us their pictures highly colored and adorned. They see things at their best, in their most typical states. Hence their pages glow with carvings, and colors, and decorations, and all minor beauties. They see many more details than duller mortals, and they point out many more dainty hues and patterns. The painter Turner once had a visitor who said to him of one of his pictures, "Mr. Turner, I can't see anything in it." He replied, more sharply than kindly, "Madam, don't you wish you could?" When you don't "see anything in" a poet's picture, ask yourself first if it isn't your fault, and so look more intently. If you have been in the woods in the deep summer night, you remember the breathing of the forest. How carefully a poet describes it when he says the tall oaks

"dream all night without a stir
Save for one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave."

—KEATS: *Hyperion*.

An opened palace door, to the same poet, is like a full-blown rose

"in vermeil tint and shape,
"In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye."

—KEATS: *Hyperion*.

And he is most specific in this:

"There in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies."

—KEATS: *To Autumn*.

At first this highly colored and decorated world may seem false, exaggerated, or merely invented by

the poet. And of course some poets are artificial and untrue to any facts of life. But in all the poetry you will be asked to read, the poets are seeing and hearing what exists—to their delicate senses. They idealize by seeing the rare, by rejecting the commonplace and meaningless, and they perceive with their feelings as well as with their physical organs. But so should all young people, taking care only that their scientific and historical training in accuracy keeps pace with their love of poetry. The poets, therefore, make a world of beauty, and they make you aware of beauty all about you,—in every human face and motion, as all the forests and places of flowers, in the sky by day and night, and on the shores of oceans and rivers—as Wordsworth expresses it, they show you beauty “an hourly neighbour.”

Then too the poets are hopeful, they make us feel happy over the “something evermore about to be.” With them we seem to be always travelling or moving up to higher forms of life, or expecting the nobler man and society yet to be. Reading them you do not lose heart, which is fine tonic for your soul just at the time when your child’s dreams begin to have “hard sledding” in the roads of the world.

Arousing and training the emotions.

You should read much poetry to arouse and refine your feelings. Poets feel more than other men—they feel keenly about many things and they feel both strongly and delicately.

You doubtless have many emotions, you are sometimes swept by waves of passion, like a water by a

strong wind. But you need to have feelings about more people and aspects of nature, about institutions and ideas. It is a small or an uninstructed mind which has only a few matters about which it has lively feelings. Hence it grows narrow, prejudiced, and intemperate. Poets take you about a wide and lovely world, they introduce you to hosts of delightful people, they make you love the common life and things near you, they set before you splendid heights of character which you admire and wish to climb. About all this they are never indifferent, but state all as having real values—love of good and fear of evil.

Particularly they arouse genuine feeling in you about the rare new things you have never seen. Hence they fill you with expectation and make you wish to know more and more of life. But, just as much, they make you sensitive to the beauty and good of things familiar. Browning says the artists make us love things we have passed "perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see," that

" Art was given for that ;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

—BROWNING : *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

Then too we have often cheap or coarse feelings about our daily environment. We need to have it all elevated, made to feel solid and bright and admirable. Look at the next pool of water you pass in the street : you can see it just as an ugly puddle, or, if you will select what you see, you can have a wonderful brown mirror with pictures of romantic colors and shapes. Whatever they are to others, let your

father to your own heart be Father, your home be Home, your work be Joy. This, great poets will teach you to do—to select, to idealize, to fill with meaning all your world.

The feelings you have are probably strong, sometimes wild and hard to control. They make you say great, rash, weedy words. How can you so refine them that they are in control, that you are satisfied with them when you speak?

The first way is by having many feelings. They balance and refine one another. If, for example, you have feelings of respect for other nations, the love for your own country will not rush into foolish, raw, unjust patriotism.

Then, you must come to feel more delicately about smaller objects, more quiet colors, and less striking people. At first we see and love high colors, big and very active things, and those irregular and strange. But the artists calm us down, make us subtle, show us smaller beauties, and so refine our feelings.

The poets especially help us to express our feelings. You know that the language of emotion is naturally exaggerated. You remember how violent and unmanageable yours sometimes is even when you feel nobly and wish to speak to make others love you. Well, the poets have choice words, and figures, and images. These make good channels for our strong feelings to run in, so that we can convey them to others without distressing them. If you will memorize many poems, the words and phrases become like lovely melodies of musicians, forms into which your emotions delight to flow, and always at your call.

Here then is a noble kingdom of emotion, sublime and elevating, or tender and peaceful. It will arouse you, cultivate you, give you "noble loves and noble cares." And it is yours for the taking.

The music of
verse.

Read aloud, with full voice, not too fast, these stanzas and lines :

"Sun comes, moon comes,
Time slips away,
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day."

—TENNYSON : *The Window*.

"And then my heart with pleasure thrills
And dances with the daffodils."

—WORDSWORTH : *I wandered*, etc.

"I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river.
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

—TENNYSON : *The Brook*.

"Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows."

—SHELLEY : *Stanzas*, 1814.

"Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

—LANDOR : *Ah what avails*, etc.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

—SHAKESPEARE : *The Tempest*.

Every young person should delight in the music of such words,—pleasant-sounding words in themselves and more so when set in lines with others. There are two things to accomplish here : first, to

train our own speech and make it soft, and low, and full, and vibrant, like a wonderful musical instrument. Nothing shows more certainly a cultivated and experienced person than such a musical throat. And secondly, to train the ear to take pleasure in words set in "tuneful order,"—the bright, or large, or rapid, or stately rhythms of great poets. To do this at least three matters must be observed :

You must read aloud. All other musical instruments must appeal to the ear—we cannot *see* music in them. So must the human throat. To read with the eye only is to miss this first, most significant art of the poet—his singing, his musical words. Read all your poetry with free open throat, as if you were singing it.

Do not read too loud nor too fast. Either bad practice strains the voice, spoils the poet's music and ideas, and gets us into singsong. You need to develop your deep chest tones, your quiet, gentle, tender sounds, rather than your high, hard head-tones.

Thinking happily about the poet's ideas or his pictures and situations, you will let your voice rise or fall, hurry or go slow, be tender or severe, naturally. When you read poetry, expect not to be lazy and merely indulgent, but to think with your poet, put yourself in his situations and seek carefully for the beauty that lies in his full lines.

To get the greatest joy from poetry, you must croon over the lines and stanzas, sing them, recite them as you walk about. That's the way Burns wrote his fine songs, and Tennyson also used constantly to recite his poems, writing them with his ear as well as his eye.

As you already know, language is the chief means we have for expressing our ideas and communicating with our fellows. We can express ourselves in many other ways—pictures and sculpture, buildings, music, hand-work, gesture, machines; and we are free in our day to use any and all of these. Still, language remains the quickest, most universal of all. How vastly important then that this instrument should be perfect, as large and flexible as our souls!

Perfecting
the gift of
language.

Now the poets, of all men, care most for their words. These are to them as the tools to the builder, the violin to the player, the color-box to the painter. If you will let them, they will give you a rich store-house of words, making your speech both refined and strong.

As said before, they study musical words and have nice ears for the combination of sounds; from this you learn pleasant-sounding words. And they also are most skilful in fitting sounds to ideas, so that the words help to express the things they name. Hear these artistic fittings of word to thing:

"I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles:
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles"—

—TENNYSON: *The Brook*—

where some words and lines suggest the high note of a shallow, running water, and others the low sounds of deep places; and this:

"The murmur of innumerable bees."

—TENNYSON: *The Princess*.

Again, you will notice that poets love rare words,

seldom heard in common speech. This is because they love the rare things expressed. Listening to them, you also are surrounded by uncommon objects and peoples; and romance, the fairy world, the distant and unworn things, splendid deeds and the feelings that go with them, are all your hourly neighbors.

The great poets, also, love exact words, to name very accurate shades and aspects of things. And when single words will not answer, they understand how to combine words into phrases and choose delicate modifiers. They dislike vagueness even when they talk about indistinct objects; and if they see and hear slight differences among things they must have words to express them. They will train you therefore in discriminating, in being particular. You know how often you say, "I know or I feel it, but I can't say it." The more you read good poetry the less often you will make that remark.

Then, too, many feelings that are vague in themselves cannot be directly expressed, but must be suggested, hinted at, said indirectly. Hence poets invent many figures for suggesting to us what would be unclear or weak. See this beautiful one about the things that will help to cure the spirit of fighting in man's heart:

" Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in
time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world."

—WHITMAN: *Reconciliation*.

The poet, then, will ennoble your language, and make it a fine, strong tool of your spirit when it wishes to communicate with others.

Pope said that reading poetry was profitable because verse was more compact than prose and more easily carried by the memory, and that the binding together of short lines into stanzas by rhyme also helped in remembering the ideas expressed. Never forget that when you are young you memorize easily and what you then learn, you keep; it will not be so as you grow in years. You are to be envied if some parent or teacher, or, better, your own happy choice, is urging you to memorize many lines of noble poetry. You have stored away in your consciousness beautiful, true, and solving ideas. These float into your mind when you most need them,—to speak nobly to your fellows, to thwart some unhappy temptation, to feed the mind with wholesome thoughts when it must otherwise live upon rubbish. Suppose you were lying in vacant or pensive mood, and this bright picture of Launcelot should flash into your mind :

Of memorizing Poetry.

“ All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot”;
—TENNYSON : *The Lady of Shalott*—

would your heart not fill with pleasure ?

Suppose you were under sharp temptation to indulgence or meanness, and this memorable line came floating into your consciousness :

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life ;"

—TENNYSON: *Idylls of the King*—

or these :

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure" ;

—TENNYSON: *Sir Galahad*—

would they not fight for your better self against the lower?

Just because it is musical and the figures and pictures are beautiful, you will remember long these fine words :

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, when thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago."

—TENNYSON: *In the Valley of Caerteret*.

Here, then, are beautiful pictures, romantic situations, noble philosophy, in just the best condition to be grasped by your ready memories and stored up for enriching the mind, for refining you by being at the very fountain of your emotions, and for making you efficient when you confer with others.

Things to
admire and
imitate.

We grow by what we admire, and nothing more sad could be said of you than these swift words of the poet :

"Not to admire was all the art she knew."

Where, then, will you get ideal things to admire, to imitate, to grow toward? You will get them first from things and people about you, and happy are you if you have near you a friend, a parent, a heroic man or woman of affairs or social activity, who is ideal to you. Most fortunate are you if you

have learned to see ideals of life working themselves out in society just about you—your home, school, church, or city. Oftenest, these ideals are stated for us in our books. Here exist pictures of people and their ways more ideal than those shown by daily life, or put in such surroundings and made to do such deeds as render the ideals they stand for easier to be seen. Here are things shown as they might or ought to or will be; here things are active, warm, complete, and beautiful.

These ideals are obtained by poets in several ways:

They cut away the commonplace features of life and let the rare, the perfect ones stand out alone. All men have ideal moments when their motives and actions are fine, expressive of their best selves. These the poets portray and simply leave unmentioned the other sordid or merely plain matters that go to make up the actual men.

They heighten or even exaggerate the ideal aspects of life. This, at times, makes the artist seem false to us because we know the people and their deeds on their ordinary levels. But we soon learn to read for the splendid enthusiasm produced in us by these ideal characters and circumstances, and learn to interpret the actual world in terms of this ideal one lying above.

Ideals are created by selecting from different people, different institutions, different actions, their best qualities and combining them into new, sometimes strange but still possible, beings or deeds.

Here among the ideals is lifted up before you some Hector or Achilles for bravery, some Odysseus for cunning and love of adventure, some King

Arthur for courtesy and nobleness of soul, some Crusoe for self dependence when thrown on his own resources, some Galahad for purity and for devotion to great causes. They are rare creations, but not too good for this earth, and you are inspired by their examples.

Just as much, another fine group show you how to regard the daily life of work and play, of simple people and simple things, so that they seem delightful, the very best possible, the ideal at work. They steady you, they inspire and satisfy you, and the ideal society is before your eyes because you have learned to see and select it in "life's familiar face."

Now among all peoples the poets have seen and taught the highest ideals. They dislike the sordid and ill-done, the wasteful, and all ugliness. Their dreams and pictures are often far ahead of what men have attained to, and the lazy or indulgent people call the poets mere dreamers. But so are great inventors, and discoverers, and prophets,—all of them creators of better things yet to be. They are noble teachers whenever their dreams are possible for men, however difficult or far off the accomplishment.

No one, therefore, can ever do you so great a service as to plant in your heart an ideal—something to live for, devote yourself to, to grow up into, to build up on the earth.

Believing in
things.

Then finally, poetry makes us believe in life and the world. You are just at the age when it often seems that dreams do not come true; when you meet many disappointments, when others hurt your feelings,

when conditions seem too hard for your ideals to become actual, when you hear of so many unlovely people. But, just

“ to help us forget
Such barren knowledge awhile
God gave the poet his song.”

—ARNOLD : *Heine's Grave*.

The great poets give you things to love, they make you believe in goodness and they portray our old earth as a brave good place to live and work in. In their pages, in spite of all that seems evil and all that is so, good men triumph at last, for

“ God 's in his heaven,
All 's right with the world.”

—BROWNING : *Pippa Passes*.

The solutions they offer you are not worldly pay or success, not freedom from pain or work, but beauty—like the dawn of a sweet May morning : and peace—like waters on starry nights : and companionship—like a good friend for a walk in the woods : and the love of God—that “ friend that sticketh closer than a brother ” : and the sense of a never-ending life.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR READING POETRY.

1. Read aloud, thus reading slowly and getting the benefit of emphasizing important words with the voice as well as the eye.
2. Memorize a large amount of poetry. Say over

lii *HINTS FOR READING POETRY.*

the great passages aloud, enjoying the music of verse and raising your whole mind to the level of the poet's feelings.

3. Put the rare words and phrases into your compositions and letters,—not as long quotations—never!—but as good instruments for conveying your own thinking.

4. Read the same poem often—not for the story only, but the rich details in pictures, figures, and the feelings the poet gives to his materials.

5. Don't read one kind of verse only—stories, for example. Make yourself—if you need to—read widely. You ought to be a rich soul as well as an intense one.

6. Don't read too much at once. Poetry tires quicker than prose; you get easily saturated and cannot take in more. Keep the volume close by you, for frequent rather than long reading.

7. When you find a beautiful picture or noble sentiment, write it off in a special book,—Your Book; the writing will emphasize it, and you will soon be delighted with your growth in taste.

8. Write a good deal of verse yourself (not for publication). It will make you choice in pleasant, accurate, suggestive words: it will make you look for lovely things and deep truth; it will give you feelings of distinction in that you express your ideas in the most perfect form you can command.

W. D. MacClintock.

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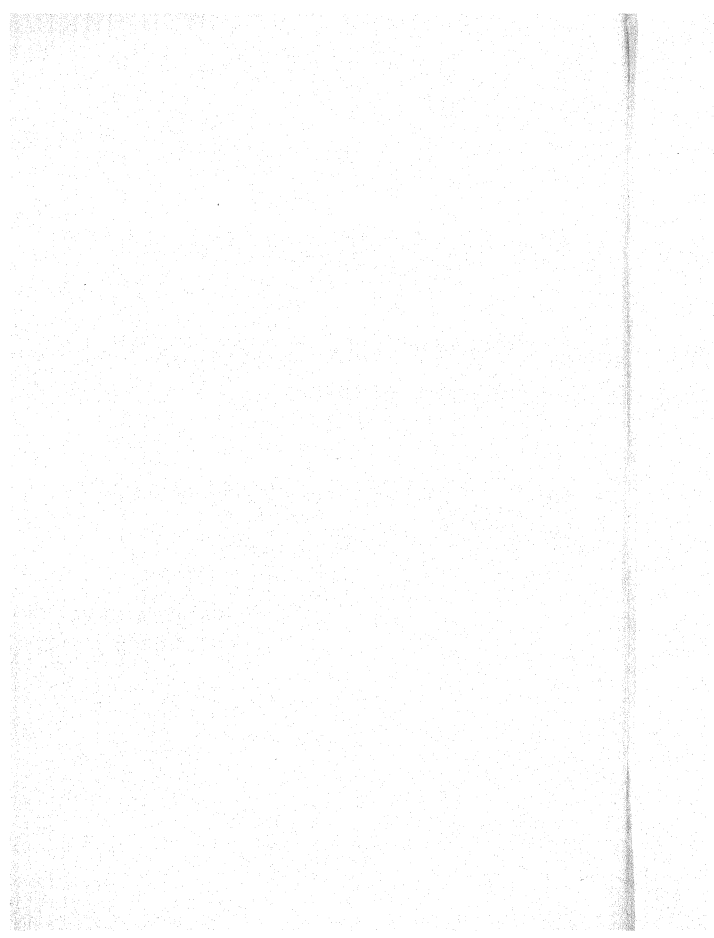
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POEMS OF HOME.



POEMS OF HOME.

I.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

THE BABY.

ON parents' knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all around thee smiled :
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Thou then mayst smile while all around thee weep.

From the Sanscrit of KALIDASA.
Translation of SIR WILLIAM JONES.

BIRTH.

Just when each bud was big with bloom,
And as prophetic of perfume,
When spring, with her bright horoscope,
Was sweet as an unuttered hope ;

Just when the last star flickered out,
And twilight, like a soul in doubt,
Hovered between the dark and dawn,
And day lay waiting to be born ;

Just when the gray and dewy air
Grew sacred as an unvoiced prayer,
And somewhere through the dusk she heard
The stirring of a nested bird,—

Four angels glorified the place:
Wan Pain unveiled her awful face;
Joy, soaring, sang; Love, brooding, smiled;
Peace laid upon her breast a child.

ANNIE R. STILLMAN (*Grace Raymond*).

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
 Baby who came but a month ago?
 How many pounds from the crowning curl
 To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
 Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
 And carefully over his glasses peers
 To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around:
 The father laughs at the tiny girl;
 The fair young mother sings the words,
 While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note,
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

ETHELINDA ELLIOTT BEERS (*Ethel Lynn*).

LAUS INFANTIIUM.

IN praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but his third way was the best.
Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though, when God saw all his works were
 good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'T was said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the
 blue,
Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you;

And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to
 glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass,—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there.

WILLIAM CANTON.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE.

I.

A BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II.

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

III.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
 Ere lips learn words or sighs,
 Bless all things bright enough to win
 A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
 And sleep flows out and in,
 Lies perfect in them Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
 Their speech make dumb the wise,
 By mute glad godhead felt within
 A baby's eyes.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
 Nae stockin' on her feet;
 Her supple ankles white as snaw,
 Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
 Her double, dimplit chin,
 Her puckered lips an' baumy mou'.
 With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
 Twa gentle, liquid things;
 Her face is like an angel's face,
 We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us:
We maun na luve the gift owre weel,
'T wad be nae blessing thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she 'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

[In Ireland they have a pretty fancy that when a child smiles in its sleep it is "talking with angels."]

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling! O come back
to me!"

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"O, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,—
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,—
And say thou wouldst rather
They 'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

LULLABY.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

THE busy day is over,
The household work is done;
The cares that fret the morning
Have faded with the sun;
And in the tender twilight,
I sit in happy rest,
With my precious rosy baby
Asleep upon my breast.

White lids with silken fringes
Shut out the waning light;
A little hand close folded,
Holds mamma's fingers tight;
And in their soft white wrappings,
At last in perfect rest,
Two dainty feet are cuddled,
Like birdies in a nest.

All hopes and loves unworthy
Fade out at this sweet hour;
All pure and noble longings
Renew their holy power;
For Christ, who in the Virgin
Our motherhood has blest,
Is near to every woman
With a baby on her breast.

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near,
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.
Shut, little sleepy blue eyes;
Dear little head, be at rest;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on his own mother's breast.
Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.
O, little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?

ANONYMOUS.

CRADLE SONG.

FROM "BITTER-SWEET."

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he 'll never know.

Where the summer's go;—
He need not laugh, for he 'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,

Into the light of day?—

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony,—

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle-roof, that flies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

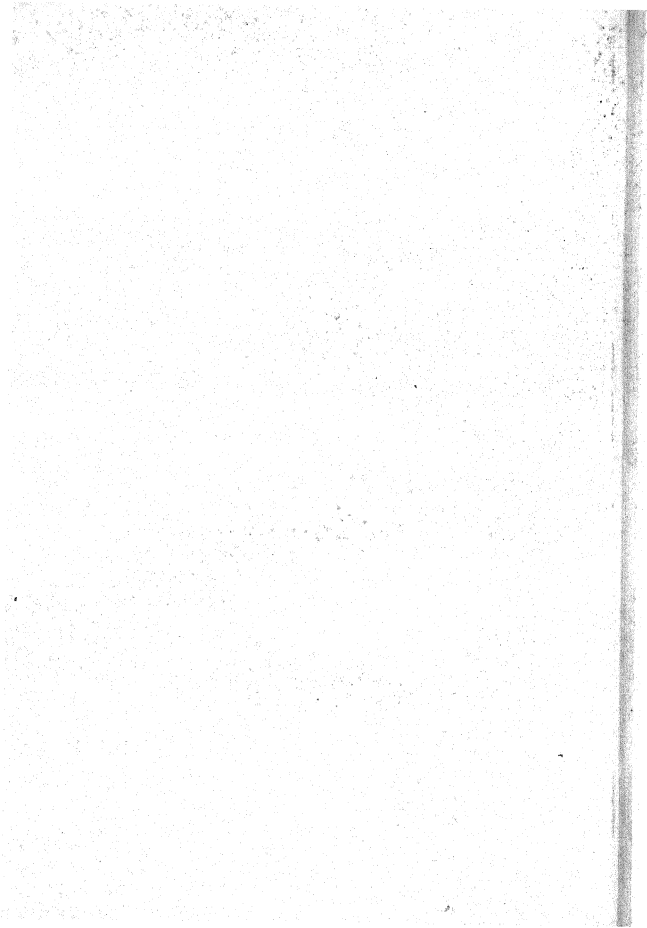
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—

Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face





Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—

Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he 'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

JAPANESE LULLABY.

SLEEP, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats a sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,

As though they were groaning in anguish, and
moaning—

Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—

Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;

Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—

Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

EUGENE FIELD.

PHILIP, MY KING.*

“ Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.”

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!

Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand

With Love's invisible sceptre laden;

I am thine Esther, to command

Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,

Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,

Philip, my king!

When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,

And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,

Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there

Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,

Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;

For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,

Philip, my king!

* To Philip Bourke Marston, in infancy.

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,

Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping now

May rise like a giant, and make men bow

As to one Heaven-chosen among his peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,

Let me behold thee in future years!

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king;—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,

Philip, my king!

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way

Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;

Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,
glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,

As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,

“Philip, the king!”

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;

Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches

Poppies paleness; round large eyes

Ever great with new surprise;

Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;

Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;

Happy smiles and wailing cries;

Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes;

Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences,—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers,—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;

Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be;—
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
 In one caressing hand,—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
 Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,
 In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
 Edging the world's rough ways?
These rose-white feet, along the doubtful future,
 Must bear a mother's load;
Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden,
 And walks the harder road.
Love, for a while, will make the path before them
 All dainty, smooth, and fair,—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
 The roses blossom there.
But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
 Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
 Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
 Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
 What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
 Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
 Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
 The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
 Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track un-
 wounded,
 Which find but pleasant ways:
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
 A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who wan-
 der
 Without a hope or friend,—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
 And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
 Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude high-
 way
 Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
 We crave all blessings sweet,
 And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
 Will guide the baby's feet.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
 With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
 And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
 And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the
 skies,—
 God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
 Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
 With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
 Are you trying to think of some angel-taught
 prayer
 You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
 Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
 Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
 With a flush of delight, to hear the word said,
 "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
 I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
 And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
 And—you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
 Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SILENT BABY.

THE baby sits in her cradle,
Watching the world go round,
Enrapt in a mystical silence,
Amid all the tumult of sound.
She must be akin to the flowers,
For no one has heard
A whispered word
From this silent baby of ours.

Wondering, she looks at the children,
As they merrily laughing pass,
And smiles o'er her face go rippling,
Like sunshine over the grass
And into the heart of the flowers;
But never a word
Has yet been heard
From this silent darling of ours.

Has she a wonderful wisdom,
Of unspoken knowledge a store,
Hid away from all curious eyes,
Like the mysterious lore
Of the bees and the birds and the flowers?
Is this why no word
Has ever been heard
From this silent baby of ours?

Ah, baby, from out your blue eyes
The angel of silence is smiling,—

Though silvern hereafter your speech,
Your silence is golden,—beguiling
All hearts to this darling of ours,
Who speaks not a word
Of all she has heard,
Like the birds, the bees, and the flowers.

ELLEN BARTLETT CURRIER.

“THE HOUSEHOLD SOVEREIGN.”

FROM “THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.”

SEATED I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah, yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe’er he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,

The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O, fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

From the Greek of LEONIDAS of Alexandria.

Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robe from off the child,—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

SEBA SMITH.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within—
It was the loveliest picture!—a sweet child
Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,
In pauses, from the fountain,—the white round
Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,
Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm
Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees
With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips

Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast
Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,
Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh:—
And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,
Looked archly on its world,—the little imp,
As if it knew even then that such a wreath
Were not for all; and with its playful hands
It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid
Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears
Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek,—
Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring
The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
And the true heart of that young mother then
Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep
To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,

Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His waking arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

POLLY.

BROWN eyes,
Straight nose;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled clothes;

Torn books,
Spoiled toys;
Arch looks,
Unlike a boy's;

Little rages,
Obvious arts;
(Three her age is),
Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
Off chairs;
Breaking crown
Down stairs;

Catching flies
On the pane;
Deep sighs,—
Cause not plain;

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing blisses;

Wide awake,
As you hear,
"Mercy's sake,
Quiet, dear!"

New shoes,
New frock,
Vague views
Of what 's o'clock,

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
For what it said;

Folded hands,
Saying prayers,
Understands
Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd,
Smiles away;
Yet may God
Hear her pray!

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—
That 's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY RANDS.

TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that rings the air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents;—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fairies, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,—
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break that mirror with that skipping-
rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's
mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan,)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

LETTY'S GLOBE.

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped,
And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss;
But when we turned her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
"Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair!

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten
o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat 's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug 's speldered on the floor, and disna gie
a cheep;
But here 's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa'
asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue:—glow'rin' like the
moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a
cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin'
folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean 's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her
thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he 'll close
an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew
to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD:—A NURSERY SONG.

. . . "Pien d'amori,
Pien di cānti, e pien di fiori."—FRUGONI.

Full of little loves of ours,
Full of songs, and full of flowers.

AH, little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, nonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes,
With a voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so;
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And arms as sunny shining
As if their veins they'd wine in,
And mouth that smiles so truly
Heaven seems to have made it newly—
It breaks into such sweetness
With merry-lipped completeness;
Ah, Jack, ah Gianni mio,
As blithe as Laughing Trio!
—Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tattler,

My Bacchus in his glory,
My little Cor-di-flori,
My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolics as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,—
Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you 're in it:
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John,
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth, with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you 're off at play, John,
Just as you 'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens;
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or, as the constant trade is,
Are fondled by the ladies
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;

Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John
Why 't is we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what you like and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye,
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"
It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you tease 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too;
In short, because you're very
Good-tempered, Jack, and merry;
And are as quick at giving
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the thrushes;

And see what flowers the weather
Has rendered fit to gather;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you,—
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves,
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

MATERNITY.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the
grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and
small!
Here 's two bonny boys, and here 's mother's own
lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them
full fain;
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be
but narrow,"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they
bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and
thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its
measure,
God that is over us all!

JEAN INGELOW.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer-time,—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime,—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unsighingly, a single note
Half so sweet and clear and wild
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
Morn hath touched her golden strings;

Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited
 Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There 's a sound that 's sweeter far,—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
 Though it be a stranger's tone,—
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
 For it answereth to his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the song of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
 Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—
 These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round,—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
 Fondlier formed to catch the strain,—
Ear of one whose love is surer,—
Hers, the mother, the endurer
 Of the deepest share of pain;

Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure,
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense,—
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflection,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought,—
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens—with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

BEDTIME.

'T is bedtime; say your hymn, and bid "Good-
night;
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all."
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute, you will shut them quite.
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!
What will you give me, sleepy one, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's Kiss."

FRANCIS, EARL OF ROSSLYN.

TO HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol,
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream—
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessèd vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives,
But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

My little girl is nested
Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half-hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken dolly
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen.

O, Angels, let me keep her
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper,
Who has my love and prayers!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

GOLDENHAIR climbed up on grandpapa's knee;
Dear little Goldenhair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light,
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell so much things I have done,—
Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made out of some water and soap
Buftle worlds! mamma's castles of Hope.

"And I have readed in my picture-book,
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home and I eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee.
I jest as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Goldenhair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's play!

And O, when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

MRS. F. BURGE SMITH.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay,"—repeat it, darling.

"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;

"I pray the Lord," I gently added;

"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

ANONYMOUS.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faught an' din;
"Oh try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your faither 's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop awee the soun',

Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But, ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
 He 's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief 's in that Tam for tricks,
 He 'd bother half the toon;
 But aye I hap them up and cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
 An', as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits aff his shoon;
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
 We look at our wee lambs;
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 And Rab his airm round Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
 Wi' mirth that 's dear to me;

But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!

SARAH M. B. PLATT.

SMALL AND EARLY.

WHEN Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the
floor;
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave
me more;

Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came;
Our guests, an armless one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.
She poured out nothing, very fast,—the tea-pot tipped on high,—
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream—it seemed a wilful waste,
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.
She asked, "Take milk?" or "Sugar?" and though I answered, "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I "*must* take it so!"
She'd say "Another cup, Papa?" and I, "No, thank you, Ma'am,"
But then I *had* to take it—her courtesy was sham.
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English-breakfast tea,
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—whatever those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when
I would mistake the empty cups for those she'd filled again.
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my tongue;
Indeed, she really hurt my pride—she made me feel so young.
I must have drunk some twoscore cups, and Dorothy sixteen,

Allowing only needful time to pour them in between.

We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and
sipped in courtly ease,

With all the ceremony of the stately Japanese.

At length she put the cups away. "Good-night,
Papa," she said;

And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.

TUDOR JENKS.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven.

I've said my "seven times" over and over,—

Seven times one are seven.

I am old,—so old I can write a letter;

My birthday lessons are done.

The lambs play always,—they know no better;

They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing

And shining so round and low.

You were bright—ah, bright—but your light is
failing;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in
heaven,

That God has hidden your face?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you 're a dusty fellow,—
You 've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in
it,—

I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE LOST HEIR.

“O where, and O where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?”—OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.

This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man,—
Her right hand held a frying-pan,

The left a lump of beef.

At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,

As wild as ocean bird's,
Or female ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go
stick stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen anything about the streets
like a crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to
run, if I only knew which way—

A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you
wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him, you
know you did, you dirty deceitful young
drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was
with my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at
making little dirt-pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better off
than all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells,
and a dead kitten by way of toys.

When his father comes home, and he always comes
home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost;
and the beef and the inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own concerns,
and don't be making a mob in the street;

O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across
my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?

Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at
me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;

Saints forbid! but he's p'raps been inviggled
away up a court for the sake of his clothes
by the priggs;

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought
it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;

And his trousers considering not very much
patched, and red plush, they was once his
Father's best pair.

His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the
tub, or that might have gone with the rest;

But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only
two slits and a burn on the breast.

He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was
sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at
the brim.

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and
not a fit, and you'll know by that if it's
him.

Except being so well dressed, my mind would mis-
give, some old beggar woman, in want of an
orphan,

Had borrowed the child to go a-begging with, but
I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!

Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys!
I'll break every bone of 'em I come near,

Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—
Tommy Jones, go along home with your
beer.

This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever
since my name was Betty Morgan.

Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before
all along of following a monkey and an
organ:

O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if
he's *got* kiddynapped with them *Italians*.

They'll make him a plaster parish image boy,
they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.

Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a
crow, with screaming for ye, you young
sorrow!

And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't,
for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.

O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my
life won't be of no more vally,

If I'm to see other folks' darlin's, and none of
mine, playing like angels in our alley,

And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I
looks at the old three-legged chair

As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and
there a'n't no Billy there!

I would run all the wide world over to find him, if
I only knowed where to run.

Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for
a month through stealing a penny bun,—

The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it
would kill me raily,

To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent
hand at the Old Bailey.

For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say,
you may search for miles and miles
And not find one better brought up, and more
pretty behaved, from one end to t' other of
St. Giles's.

And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only
as a mother ought to speak;

You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only
it hasn't been washed for a week;

As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest
hair when I've time to just show it the
comb;

I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as
will bring him safe and sound home.

He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint,
though a little cast he's certainly got;

And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge
is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint
pot;

He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the
world, and very large teeth for his age;

And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to
play Cupid on the Drury Lane stage.

And then he has got such dear winning ways—but
O, I never, never shall see him no more!

O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing
him back from death's door!

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang
'em, was at twenty a penny!

And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was
spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too
many.

And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us
all, and, drat him! made a seize of our
hog.—

It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about,
he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child
he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a
distracted Mother and Father about Town.

Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy,
come home, to your best of Mothers!

I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they
drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters
and Brothers.

Or maybe he's stole by some chimney-sweeping
wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and
what not,

And be poked up behind with a picked pointed
pole, when the soot has ketched, and the
chimbley's red hot.

O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was
mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his
face.

For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't
soon come back, you'll see me drop stone
dead on the place.

I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Moth-
erly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss
him!

Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was—but
a child don't not feel like a child till you
miss him.

Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the
young wretch, it's that Billy as sarfin as
sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his
hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole
bone in his skin!"

THOMAS HOOD.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled greensward dancing,
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy,—
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom in-
wrought,

And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread that garden loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child,—
A stranger-child, yet to my heart most dear,—
Who held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
“Come in,” he said, “and play awhile with me;
I am the little child you used to be.”

HENRY VAN DYKE.

A PORTRAIT.

“One name is Elizabeth.”—BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—
 Though too calm, you think, and tender,
 For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
 Frank, obedient,—waiting still
 On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,
 As young birds, or early wheat,
 When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
 Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,—
 Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
 Which come softly,—just as she,
 When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
 In a bower of gentle looks,—
 Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
 As a silver stream may run,
 Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
 As if drawn from thoughts more far
 Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
" 'T is my angel, with a name! "

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Softens, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"—
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure HE DOTH.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TO A CHILD DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy;
 And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
 I sit me down, and think
 Of all thy winning ways;
 Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness;
 Thy thanks to all that aid;
 Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid;
 The little trembling hand
 That wipes thy quiet tears,—
 These, these are things that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
 I will not think of now;
 And calmly, midst my dear ones,
 Have wasted with dry brow;
 But when thy fingers press
 And pat my stooping head,
 I cannot bear the gentleness,—
 The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
 When life and hope were new;

Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound;
My hand-in-hand companion—No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while,—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile;
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

BABY BELL.

I.

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:

With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet.
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

II.

She came and brought delicious May;
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went, the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And on the porch the trembling vine
Held out its cups of fairy wine.
How tenderly the twilights fell!
O, earth was full of singing-birds
And opening springtide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

III.

O, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!

What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay—
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more :
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born :
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn ;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bowed
down
Like violets after rain.

IV.

And now the orchards, which were white
And pink with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime ;
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The folded chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling, range on range ;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,

In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now . . .
Around her pale angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.

V.

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things
Who was Christ's self in purity.

VI.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

VII.

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands :
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled;
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where wingèd hopes might build!
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise peared
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing,
“Another bud of infancy
With holy dews impearled!”
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,

But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.

O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

BABY ZULMA'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A LIGHTER scarf of richer fold
 The morning flushed upon our sight,
And Evening trimmed her lamps of gold,
 From deeper springs of purer light;
And softer drips bedewed the lea,
And whiter blossoms veiled the tree,
And bluer waves danced on the sea
When baby Zulma came to be!

The day before, a bird had sung
 Strange greetings on the roof and flown;
And Night's immaculate priestess flung
 A diamond from her parted zone
Upon the crib beside the bed,
Whereunto, as the doctor said,
A king or queen would soon be led
By some sweet Ariel overhead.

Ere yet the sun had crossed the line
 When we, at Aries' double bars,
Behold him, tempest-beaten, shine
 In stormy Libra's triple stars:

What time the hillsides shake with corn
And boughs of fruitage laugh unshorn
And cheery echoes wake the morn
To gales of fragrance harvest-born.

In storied spots of vernal flame
And breezy realms of tossing shade,
The tripping elves tumultuous came
To join the fairy cavalcade:
From blushing chambers of the rose,
And bowers the lily's buds enclose,
And nooks and dells of deep repose,
Where human sandal never goes,

The rabble poured its motley tide:
Some upon airy chariots rode,
By cupids showered from side to side,
And some the dragon-fly bestrode;
While troops of virgins, left and right,
Like microscopic trails of light,
The sweeping pageant made as bright
As beams a rainbow in its flight!

It passed: the bloom of purple plums
Was rippled by trumpets rallying long
O'er beds of pinks; and dwarfish drums
Struck all the insect world to song:
The milkmaid caught the low refrain,
The ploughman answered to her strain,
And every warbler of the plain
The ringing chorus chirped again!

Beneath the sunset's faded arch,
It formed and filed within our porch,

With not a ray to guide its march
Except the twilight's silver torch :
And thus she came from clouds above,
With spirits of the glen and grove,
A flower of grace, a cooing dove,
A shrine of prayer and star of love!

A queen of hearts!—her mighty chains
Are beads of coral round her strung,
And, ribbon-diademed, she reigns,
Commanding in an unknown tongue.
The kitten spies her cunning ways,
The patient cur romps in her plays,
And glimpses of her earlier days
Are seen in picture-books of fays.

To fondle all things doth she choose,
And when she gets, what some one sends,
A trifling gift of tiny shoes,
She kisses both as loving friends;
For in her eyes this orb of care,
Whose hopes are heaps of frosted hair,
Is but a garland, trim and fair,
Of cherubs twining in the air.

O, from a soul suffused with tears
Of trust thou mayst be spared the thorn
Which it has felt in other years,—
Across the morn our Lord was born,
I waft thee blessings! At thy side
May his invisible seraphs glide;
And tell thee still, whate'er betide,
For thee, for thine, for all, He died!

AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A host of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast hall of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion,
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their wingèd way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

From the Dutch of DIRK SMITS.

Translation of H. S. VAN DYK.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift Spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And when the oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower

On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake. The work was done,—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;

Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they are two in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply!
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BOYHOOD.

Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one, like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But O, what charm or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever time destroys, he cannot this;—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CARY.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

An Inverary correspondent writes : " Thom gave me the following narrative as to the origin of 'The Mitherless Bairn'; I quote his own words. 'When I was livin' in Aberdeen, I was limpin' roun' the house to my garret, when I heard the greetin' o' a wean. A lassie was thumpin' a bairn, when out cam a big dame, bellowin', "Ye hussie, will ye lick a mitherless bairn!" I hobbled up the stair and wrote the sang afore sleepin'."

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'T is the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed;
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;

Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

O, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall
learn

That God deals the blow, for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN
BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey,—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—

Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
more;

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,—
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapped

In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap,—
'T is now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced:
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,—
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed,—

All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,—
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may,—
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow-
ers,—

The violet, the pink, the jessamine,—
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and
smile,)—

Could those few pleasant days again appear,

Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here?

I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the
shore

“Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,”
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass
lost;

And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!—
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—

The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man

Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of great hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,

Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,

Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their air-threads into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used, in years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With the wings and waving hair,

And her star-eyed cherub brother—
A serene angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes, to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;
And I mind not, musing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a passion kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

Art hath naught of tone or cadence
That can work with such a spell
In the soul's mysterious fountains,
Whence the tears of rapture well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

WHITTling.

A NATIONAL PORTRAIT.

THE Yankee boy, before he 's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;

His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
His elder popgun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His cornstalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered seed,
His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged with raking masts, and timbers stanch,
And waiting near the wash-tub for a launch.

Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Erelong he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any gimcrack musical or mute,
A plough, a couch, an organ or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block;—
Make anything in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;—
Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine that
makes it.

And when the thing is made,—whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For, when his hand 's upon it, you may know
That there 's go in it, and he 'll make it go.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well,—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive
it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave
it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the
well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with
sighs.

'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old-arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'T is past, 't is past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!

Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

A PARABLE.

BETWEEN the sandhills and the sea
A narrow strip of silver sand,
Whereon a little maid doth stand,
Who picks up shells continually,
Between the sandhills and the sea.

Far as her wondering eyes can reach,
A vastness heaving gray in gray
To the frayed edges of the day
Furls his red standard on the breach
Between the sky-line and the beach.

The waters of the flowing tide
Cast up the sea-pink shells and weed;
She toys with shells, and doth not heed
The ocean, which on every side
Is closing round her vast and wide.

It creeps her way as if in play,
Pink shells at her pink feet to cast;
But now the wild waves hold her fast,
And bear her off and melt away,
A vastness heaving gray in gray.

MATHILDE BLIND.

II. FOR CHILDREN.

THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

“Pipe a song about a lamb:”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again:”
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:”
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read—”
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten !—
She will shortly be to christen ;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa ?
Ann and Mary, they 're too common ;
Joan 's too formal for a woman ;
Jane 's a prettier name beside ;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith 's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books ;
Ellen 's left off long ago ;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine ;
What do you think of Caroline ?
How I 'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next !
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her

Should disgrace her or defame her;—
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

FROM "SEA DREAMS."

WHAT does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby sleep, a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

A CRADLE HYMN.

ABBREVIATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

HUSH! my dear, lie still, and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!

Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide ;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle :
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay :
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing ;
Lovely infant, how he smiled !
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the hornèd oxen feed ;
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox anear thy bed.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

ISAAC WATTS.

GO SLEEP, MA HONEY.

WHIPP'WILL 's singin' to de moon,—
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
He sing a pow'ful mo'nful tune,
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
De day bird 's sleepin' on his nes',
He know it time to take a res',
An' he gwine ter do his lebel bes',—
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

Old banjo 's laid away,—
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
Its pickin 's froo for to-day,—
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.
De night time surely come to pass,
De cricket 's chirpin' in de grass,
An' de ole mule 's gone to sleep at las',—
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

I hear de night win' in de corn,—
Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

Dey 's a ghos' out dah, sure 's yo born,—

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

But he dassent come where we keep a light,

An' de candle 's burnin' all de night,

So sink to res', des be all right,—

Go sleep, ma honey, m—m.

EDWARD D. BARKER.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know,

'Tis far too nice and clean.

No toys, by careless fingers strewn,

Upon the floors are seen.

No finger-marks are on the panes,

No scratches on the chairs;

No wooden men set up in rows,

Or marshalled off in pairs;

No little stockings to be darned,

All ragged at the toes;

No pile of mending to be done,

Made up of baby-clothes;

No little troubles to be soothed;

No little hands to fold;

No grimy fingers to be washed;

No stories to be told;

No tender kisses to be given;

No nicknames, "Dove" and "Mouse;"

No merry frolics after tea,—

No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

A DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of misty light

Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish

That lived in the beautiful sea;

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,

But never afeard are we”—

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

For the fish in the twinkling foam,



Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

HALF-WAKING.

I THOUGHT it was the little bed
I slept in long ago;
A straight white curtain at the head,
And two smooth knobs below.

I thought I saw the nursery fire,
And in a chair well-known
My mother sat, and did not tire
With reading all alone.

If I should make the slightest sound
To show that I'm awake,
She'd rise, and lap the blankets round,
My pillow softly shake;

Kiss me, and turn my face to see
The shadows on the wall,
And then sing "Rousseau's Dream" to me,
Till fast asleep I fall.

But this is not my little bed;
That time is far away:
With strangers now I live instead,
From dreary day to day.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

ANONYMOUS.

PRETTY COW.

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

(A CAT'S TALE, WITH ADDITIONS.)

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;

And they began to cry,

O mother dear,

We very much fear

That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!

You naughty kittens!

Then you shall have no pie.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

No, you shall have no pie.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

O mother dear,

See here, see here;

See, we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens,

You silly kittens,

And you may have some pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

O let us have the pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,

And soon ate up the pie;

O mother dear,

We greatly fear

That we have soiled our mittens.

Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
Then they began to sigh,
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
 O mother dear,
 Do not you hear,
That we have washed our mittens?

Washed your mittens!
O, you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by;
 Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
 Mee-ow-mee-ow, mee-ow.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell;
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

ISAAC WATTS.

TRY AGAIN.

'T is a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again.
If we strive, 't is no disgrace
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again.
All that other folks can do,
With your patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view—
Try again.

ANONYMOUS.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets courtesied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is
begun."

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,
LORD HOUGHTON.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the spider
to the fly;
"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did
spy.

The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you
are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in
vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come
down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high.

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the
spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the
sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck
you in!

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often
heard it said,

They never, never wake again who sleep upon your
bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly: "Dear friend,
what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for
you?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's
nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to
take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little fly; "kind sir, that
cannot be:

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not
wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty
and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings; how brilliant
are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold
yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, for what
you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now, I'll call
another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into
his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come
back again:

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly;
Then came out to his door again, and merrily did
sing:

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with pearl and
silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest
upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine
are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly
flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and
purple hue,

Thinking only of her crested head. Poor, foolish
thing! at last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held
her fast;
He dragged her up his winding stair, into the
dismal den—
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out
again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story
read,
To idle, silly, flattering words I pray you ne'er
give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and
eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and
the fly.

MARY HOWITT.

THREAD AND SONG.

SWEETER and sweeter,
Soft and low,
Neat little nymph,
Thy numbers flow,
Urging thy thimble,
Thrift's tidy symbol,
Busy and nimble,
To and fro;
Prettily plying
Thread and song,

Keeping them flying
Late and long,
Through the stitch linger,
Kissing thy finger,
Quick,—as it skips along.

Many an echo,
Soft and low,
Follows thy flying
Fancy so,—
Melodies thrilling,
Tenderly filling
Thee with their trilling,
Come and go;
Memory's finger,
Quick as thine,
Loving to linger
On the line,
Writes of another,
Dearer than brother:
Would that the name were mine!

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature to;

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise:

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessèd Virgin's Son,—
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his father, too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

ISSAC WATTS.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

THE bells of the churches are ringing,—
Papa and mamma have both gone,—
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determine to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,

Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune:
Our worship, perhaps, may be better,
But theirs reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is bright with these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children,—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All Nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on,—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on,—our devotion is colder,
Though wisely our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold *our* book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on,—our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on,—all our struggle and battle,
Our cry when most deep and sincere,—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite ear.

From the German of KARL GEROCK.
Translation of JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blessed Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. AMEN.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

“IT IS FINISHED.”

DEAR Lord, let me recount to Thee
Some of the great things thou hast done
For me, even me
Thy little one.

It was not I that cared for Thee,—
But Thou didst set Thy heart upon
Me, even me
Thy little one.

And therefore was it sweet to Thee
To leave Thy Majesty and Throne,
And grow like me
A Little One,



A swaddled Baby on the knee
Of a dear Mother of Thine own,
Quite weak like me
Thy little one.

Thou didst assume my misery,
And reap the harvest I had sown,
Comforting me
Thy little one.

Jerusalem and Galilee,—
Thy love embraced not those alone,
But also me
Thy little one.

Thy unblemished Body on the Tree
Was bared and broken to atone
For me, for me
Thy little one.

Thou lovedst me upon the Tree,—
Still me, hid by the ponderous stone,—
Me always,—me
Thy little one.

And love of me arose with Thee
When death and hell lay overthrown:
Thou lovedst me
Thy little one.

And love of me went up with Thee
To sit upon Thy Father's Throne:
Thou lovedst me
Thy little one;

Lord, as Thou me, so would I Thee
Love in pure love's communion,
For Thou lov'st me
Thy little one:

Which love of me brings back with Thee
To Judgment when the Trump is blown,
Still loving me
Thy little one.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

FOR NIGHT AND MORNING.

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head:
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wast thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,

And the lambs outside the house:
Now thou art above the sky:
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

ALL in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry.
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet,

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

“BY COOL SILOAM’S SHADY RILL.”

By cool Siloam’s shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon’s dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam’s shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man’s maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow’s power,
And stormy passion’s rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses . . . " I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

" And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

" And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

" But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, ' O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

" Then, ay then—he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, ' Rise and go!

For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say;
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble;—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he 'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet;—
'Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time, I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run,—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!

Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him,—never
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A GOOD PLAY.

WE built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A LIFE-LESSON.

THERE! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days

Are things of the long ago ;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know ;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago ;
But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you
my dolly is dead!
There 's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack
like that in her head.
It 's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to
have my tooth out, that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off,
you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I 'm a baby, when you
say you can mend it with glue:
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just
suppose it was you?
You might make her look all mended—but what
do I care for looks?
Why, glue 's for chairs and tables, and toys and
the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's
the awfulest crack!

It just makes me sick to think of the sound when
her poor head went whack

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up
the little shelf.

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I
know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another
head!

What good would forty heads do her? I tell you
my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant
new spring hat!

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie
on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was
playing out in the yard—

She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon
for Hildegarde."

And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde
saw me do it;

But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't be-
lieve she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just be-
lieve, I do,

That her poor little heart was broken, and so her
head broke too.

Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head
had been hit!

For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't
cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be
buried, of course:

We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you
shall be the horse;

And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her
in this, you see—

This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out
under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one
he made for my bird;

And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every
single word!

I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful
doll, who is dead;

She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack
in her head."

MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

FOREIGN CHILDREN.

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:

You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE UNSEEN PLAYMATE.

WHEN children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'T is he that inhabits the caves that you dig;

'T is he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'T is he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your
head;

For wherever they 're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'T is he will take care of your playthings himself!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE SHADOWS.

ALL up and down in shadow-town
The shadow children go;
In every street you 're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.

They move around without a sound,
They play at hide-and-seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.

Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there 's always one
To follow you about.

Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you 'll find him fast .
Beside you at the door.

A faithful friend is he to lend
His presence everywhere;

Blow out the light—to bed at night—
Your shadow-mate is there!

Then he will call the shadows all
Into your room to leap,
And such a pack! they make it black,
And fill your eyes with sleep!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE DANCERS.

I DANCE and dance! Another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift:
I can't outdance him though I try;
He dances nimbler than I.
I toss my head, and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has and finger there.
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!

MICHAEL FIELD.

MY SHADOW.

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with
me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can
see,

He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there 's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he 's a coward you can see;
I 'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-cup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LITTLE BELL.

PIPED the Blackbird, on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he,—
"What's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks,—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,—
“Little Bell!” piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:
“Squirrel, Squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts,” quoth she.
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,—
And down the tree
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one.
Hark, how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!
“Happy Bell!” pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
“Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you ’re not afraid,
Come and share with me!”
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share,—
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
’Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
 Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.

“What good child is this,” the angel said,
“That with happy heart beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly?”
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft,
 “Bell, *dear* Bell,” crooned he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,” the angel fair
Murmured, “God doth bless with angels’ care;
 Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee!”

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

WINGS.

THE sunset light is on the sail,
 The water all aglow,
And on the billows up and down
 The boat rocks to and fro;
The birds float upward to the sky—
Oh, how I long for wings to fly!

The boat has wings, the birds have wings,
 But none remain for me

Save wings of kind and loving thought
And wings of memory.
On these I come, and still repeat—
I love, I love, I love you, Sweet!

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant faces more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There 's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FAIRY DAYS.

BESIDE the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with
princesses,

And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and
their distresses;

And many a quiet night—in slumber sweet and
deep,

The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and
west,

With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe
they blessed;

One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled
and old.

The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words
of sin,

But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance
begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her
hand,

An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and
crown;

I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down;
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his
snare,

At the little tender creature—who wept and tore
her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the
sorest,

A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through
the forest,

A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished
bright;

I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant
knight.

His lips are coral-red—beneath a dark mustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes
flash!

“Come forth, thou Paynim knight!”—he shouts
in accents clear.

The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice
to hear.

Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his fal-
chion keen,

The giant and the knight—are fighting on the
green.

I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke
on stroke,

The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an
oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his
knee

And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, “You
are free!”

Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!

I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a
knight for me!
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could
be
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's
knee!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great
town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls:
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish
eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blustering and
humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulkily
mute.

So on it went, capering, and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags:
'T was so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gayly,

"Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or cracked their great branches through and
through.

Then it rushed, like a monster, on cottage and
farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
So they ran out like bees when threatened with
harm.

There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed
aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to
be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in
vain:
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed,
and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee!
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro:—
But lo! night came, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

SAID the Raggedy Man on a hot afternoon,

“ My!

Sakes!

What a lot o’ mistakes

Some little folks makes on the Man in the Moon!

But people that’s been up to see him like Me,

And calls on him frequent and intimutly,

Might drop a few hints that would interest you

Clean!

Through!

If you wanted ’em to—

Some actual facts that might interest you!

“ O the Man in the Moon has a crick in his back;

Whee!

Whimm!

Ain’t you sorry for him?

And a mole on his nose that is purple and black;

And his eyes are so weak that they water and run

If he dares to *dream* even he looks at the sun,—

So he jes’ dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—

My!

Eyes!

But isn’t he wise—

To jes’ dream of stars, as the doctors advise?

“ And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—

Whee!

Whing!

What a singular thing!

I know! but these facts are authentic, my dear,—
There's a boil on his ear; and a corn on his chin,—
He calls it a dimple,—but dimples stick in,—
Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!

Whang!

Ho!

Why certainly so!—

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

“And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee,
Gee!

Whizz!

What a pity that is!

And his toes have worked round where his heels
ought to be.

So whenever he wants to go North he goes South,
And comes back with the porridge crumbs all
round his mouth,

And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan,

Whing!

Whann!

What a marvellous man!

What a very remarkably marvellous man!

“And the Man in the Moon,” sighed the Raggedy
Man,

“Gits!

So!

Sullonesome, you know!

Up there by himself since creation began!—

That when I call on him and then come away,

He grabs me and holds me and begs me to stay,—

Till—well, if it was n't for *Jimmy-cum-Jim*,
Dadd!

Limb!

I'd go pardners with him!
Jes' jump my bob here and be pardners with
him!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"AND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see."

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low."

“Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

“And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?”
“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

“Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill;

“‘For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

“‘Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;

And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;

“ ‘And there,’ they said, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“ ‘Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“ And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“ ‘Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“ And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldron Low
There was no one left but me.

"And on the top of the Caldron Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE.

UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain,
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Toppled in two.
Holding it over him,
Gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home,
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
“Good gracious me!

"Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
—And that 's how umbrellas
First were invented.

OLIVER HERFORD.

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.

I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew,—
Heart's-ease and tomatoes, and pinks and pota-
toes,—
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau with a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch
garden,
Blue flag flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses, and little pink posies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart 's in that garden, that little Dutch
garden,—
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid wildering mazes of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

HARRIET WHITNEY DURBIN.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

"Oh dear! is Summer over?"

I heard a rosebud moan,
When first her eyes she opened,
And found she was alone.

"Oh, why did Summer leave me,
Little me, belated?
Where are the other roses?
I think they *might* have waited."

Soon the little rosebud
Saw to her surprise
Other rosebuds opening,
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing
Gaily in the sun,
"I thought Summer was over:
Why, it 's just begun!"

OLIVER HERFORD.

A BELATED VIOLET.

Very dark the autumn sky,
Dark the clouds that hurried by;
Very rough the autumn breeze
Shouting rudely to the trees.

Listening, frightened, pale, and cold,
Through the withered leaves and mold

Peered a violet all in dread—

“Where, oh, where is spring?” she said.

Sighed the trees, “Poor little thing!

She may call in vain for spring.”

And the grasses whispered low,

“We must never let her know.”

“What’s this whispering?” roared the breeze;

“Hush! a violet,” sobbed the trees,

“Thinks it’s spring,—poor child, we fear

She will die if she should hear!”

Softly stole the wind away,

Tenderly he murmured, “Stay!”

To a late thrush on the wing,

“Stay with her one day and sing!”

Sang the thrush so sweet and clear

That the sun came out to hear,

And, in answer to her song,

Beamed on violet all day long;

And the last leaves here and there

Fluttered with a spring-like air.

Then the violet raised her head,—

“Spring has come at last!” she said.

Happy dreams had violet

All that night—but happier yet,

When the dawn came dark with snow,

Violet never woke to know.

OLIVER HERFORD.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height

In silence I 'll take my way.

I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I 'll be as busy as they!"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its
crest,

He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he
dressed

With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear

That he hung on its margin, far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,

And over each pane like a fairy crept:

Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things. There were flowers and
trees,

There were beves of birds and swarms of bees,

There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers,
and these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—

“Now, just to set them a thinking,
I ’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;
“This costly pitcher I ’ll burst in three,
And the glass of water they ’ve left for me
Shall ‘*tchick!*’ to tell them I ’m drinking.”

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

’T WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter’s
nap,—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the mat-
ter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by
name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his
pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as
the snow,

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a
jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-
night!”

CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to
stay,

An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away,

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn
her board-an'-keep;

An' all us other childern, when the supper things
is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
fun

A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

One't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
prayers,—

So when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd
him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'-
wheres, I guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an'
kin;

An' one't when they was "company," an' ole
folks was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she 's about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away,—

You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers
fond and dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the or-
phant's tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
about,

Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

OLD-SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

OLD Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red.
"Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls," he said.
Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
With his head down on his breast,
Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet
That he loved, of all, the best.
And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,
But the rogue only made believe;
For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,
And ogled them over his sleeve.

ANONYMOUS.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;
The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.

Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SEEIN' THINGS.

I AIN'T afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or
worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are
awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go
to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an'
when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes
away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things
at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes
they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle
uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes
they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepylike they never make a
sound!

Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other
times they're white—

But the color ain't no difference when you see
things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved
on our street,

An' father sent me up to bed without a bit to
eat,

I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin'
in a row,

A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at
me—so!

Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never
slep' a mite—

It's almost allus when I'm bad I see things
at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to
death!

Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my
breath;

An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an'
then

I promise to be better an' I say my prayers
again!

Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make
it right

When a feller has been wicked an' sees things
at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax
me into sin,

I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges
me within;
An' when they 's pie for supper, or cakes 'at 's
big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them
things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o'
sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at
night!

EUGENE FIELD.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I STUDIED my tables over and over, and backward
and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I
didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not
to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you 'll
learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I
thought 't was a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a per-
fectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a
hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the an-
swer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always
acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly
laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now,
Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!—I an-
swered, "*Mary Ann!*"

ANNA MARIA PRATT.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 't were a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,

Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came,—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered,—“ I ’m amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to ’t? ”
“ ’T was she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad,
“ I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was ’fraid of girls
And dursn’t kiss a baby’s doll,
I couldn’t stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not.
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o’ wished me to! ”

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

III.

FUN FOR LITTLE FOLK.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

THERE was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs,
When her parents, unawares,
In the kitchen were occupied with meals,
And she stood upon her head
In her little trundle-bed,
And then began hooraying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise,
And she thought it was the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair,
And found Jemima there,
She took and she did spank her most emphatic.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FROM "THE ENGLISH STRUWWELPETER."

THE STORY OF CRUEL FREDERICK.

HERE is cruel Frederick, see!
A horrid wicked boy was he;
He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings.

He killed the birds, and broke the chairs,
And threw the kitten down the stairs;
And Oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary, till she cried.

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day;
He wagged his tail, and wet his lip,
When cruel Fred snatched up a whip,
And whipped poor Tray till he was sore,
And kicked and whipped him more and more:

At this, good Tray grew very red,
And growled and bit him till he bled;
Then you should only have been by,
To see how Fred did scream and cry!

So Frederick had to go to bed;
His leg was very sore and red!
The Doctor came and shook his head,
And made a very great-to-do,
And gave him nasty physic too.

But good dog Tray is happy now;
He has no time to say "Bow-wow!"
He seats himself in Frederick's chair,
And laughs to see the nice things there:
The soup he swallows sup by sup,
And eats the pies and puddings up.

THE DREADFUL STORY ABOUT HARRIET AND THE
MATCHES.

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Harriet befel.
Mamma and Nurse went out one day
And left her all alone at play;
Now, on the table close at hand,
A box of matches chanced to stand;
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her,
That, if she touched them, they should scold her.
But Harriet said: "O, what a pity!
For when they burn it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame;
Mamma, too, often does the same."

The pussy-cats heard this,
And they began to hiss,
And stretch their claws
And raise their paws;
"Me-ow," they said, "me-ow, me-o,
You'll burn to death, if you do so."

But Harriet would not take advice,
She lit a match, it was so nice!

It crackled so, it burned so clear,—
Exactly like the picture here.
She jumped for joy and ran about,
And was too pleased to put it out.

The pussy-cats saw this
And said: "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
And stretched their claws
And raised their paws:
" 'T is very, very wrong, you know,
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o,
You will be burnt, if you do so."

And see! Oh! what a dreadful thing!
The fire has caught her apron string;
Her apron burns, her arms, her hair;
She burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew;
What else, poor pussies, could they do?
They screamed for help, 't was all in vain!
So then they said: "We 'll scream again;
Make haste, make haste, me-ow, me-o,
She 'll burn to death, we told her so."

So she was burnt, with all her clothes,
And arms, and hands, and eyes, and nose;
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except her little scarlet shoes;
And nothing else but these was found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!

"Me-ow, me-oo, me-ow, me-oo,
What will Mamma and Nursy do?"
Their tears ran down their cheeks so fast,
They made a little pond at last.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY-HEAD-IN-AIR.

As he trudged along to school,
It was always Johnny's rule
To be looking at the sky
And the clouds that floated by;
But what just before him lay,
In his way,
Johnny never thought about;
So that every one cried out—
"Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-in-Air!"

Running just in Johnny's way,
Came a little dog one day;
Johnny's eyes were still astray
Up on high,
In the sky;
And he never heard them cry—
"Johnny, mind, the dog is nigh!"
Bump!
Dump!
Down they fell with such a thump,
Dog and Johnny in a lump!

Once, with head as high as ever,
Johnny walked beside the river.
Johnny watched the swallows trying
Which was cleverest at flying.

Oh! what fun!
Johnny watched the bright round sun
Going in and coming out;
This was all he thought about.
So he strode on, only think!
To the river's very brink,
Where the bank was high and steep,
And the water very deep;
And the fishes, in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.

One step more! Oh! sad to tell!
Headlong in poor Johnny fell.
And the fishes, in dismay,
Wagged their tails and ran away.

There lay Johnny on his face
With his nice red writing-case;
But, as they were passing by,
Two strong men had heard him cry;
And, with sticks, these two strong men
Hooked poor Johnny out again.

Oh! you should have seen him shiver,
When they pulled him from the river,
He was in a sorry plight!
Dripping wet, and such a fright!
Wet all over, everywhere,
Clothes, and arms, and face, and hair;
Johnny never will forget
What it is to be so wet.

And the fishes, one, two, three,
Are come back again, you see;

Up they came the moment after,
To enjoy the fun and laughter.
Each popped out his little head,
And to tease poor Johnny, said:
"Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!"

HEINRICH HOFFMANN.

THE THREE CHILDREN.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you too that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad
Pray keep them safe at home.

1662.

ANONYMOUS.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

I.

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II.

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR.

MR. AND MRS. SPIKKY SPARROW.

I.

On a little piece of wood
Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood :
Mrs. Sparrow sate close by,
A-making of an insect-pie
For her little children five,
In the nest and all alive;
Singing with a cheerful smile,
To amuse them all the while,
 "Twikky wikky wikky wee,
 Wikky bikky twikky tee,
 Spikky bikky bee!"

II.

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,
"Spikky, darling! in my head
Many thoughts of trouble come,
Like to flies upon a plum.
All last night, among the trees,
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze;
And thought I, 'It 's come to that
Because he does not wear a hat!'
 Chippy wippy sikky tee,
 Bikky wikky tikky mee,
 Spikky chippy wee!"

III.

"Not that you are growing old;
But the nights are growing cold.

No one stays out all night long
Without a hat: I 'm sure it 's wrong!"
Mr. Spikky said, "How kind,
Dear, you are, to speak your mind!
All your life I wish you luck!
You are, you are, a lovely duck!
 Witchy witchy witchy wee,
 Twitchy witchy witchy bee,
 Tikky tikky tee!

IV.

"I was also sad, and thinking,
When one day I saw you winking,
And I heard you snuffle-snuffle,
And I saw your feathers ruffle:
To myself I sadly said,
'She 's neuralgia in her head!
That dear head has nothing on it!
Ought she not to wear a bonnet?'
 Witchy kitchy kitchy wee,
 Spikky wikky mikky bee,
 Chippy wippy chee!

V.

"Let us both fly up to town:
There I 'll buy you such a gown!
Which, completely in the fashion,
You shall tie a sky-blue sash on;
And a pair of slippers neat
To fit your darling little feet,
So that you will look and feel
Quite galloobious and genteel.

Jikky wikky bikky see,
Chicky bikky wikky bee,
Twitchy witchy wee!"

VI.

So they both to London went,
Alighting on the Monument;
Whence they flew down swiftly—pop!
Into Moses' wholesale shop:
There they bought a hat and bonnet,
And a gown with spots upon it,
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
And a pair of slippers too.
Zikky wikky mikky bee,
Witchy witchy mitchy kee,
Sikky tikky wee!

VII.

Then, when so completely dressed,
Back they flew, and reached their nest.
Their children cried, "O ma and pa!
How truly beautiful you are!"
Said they, "We trust that cold or pain
We shall never feel again;
While, perched on tree or house or steeple,
We now shall look like other people.
Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twikky mikky bikky bee,
Zikky sikky tee!"

EDWARD LEAR.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But not a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter 's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (*Lewis Carroll*).

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king:
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM "MAX AND MAURICE."

PREFACE.

AH, how oft we read or hear of
Boys we almost stand in fear of!
For example, take these stories
Of two youths, named Max and Maurice,
Who, instead of early turning
Their young minds to useful learning,
Often leered with horrid features
At their lessons and their teachers.
Look now at the empty head: he

Is for mischief always ready.
Teasing creatures, climbing fences,
Stealing apples, pears, and quinces,
Is, of course, a deal more pleasant,
And far easier for the present,
Than to sit in schools or churches,
Fixed like roosters on their perches.
But O dear, O dear, O deary,
When the end comes sad and dreary!
'T is a dreadful thing to tell
That on Max and Maurice fell!

TRICK FIRST.

To most people who have leisure
Raising poultry gives great pleasure;
First, because the eggs they lay us
For the care we take repay us;
Secondly, that now and then
We can dine on roasted hen;
Thirdly, of the hen's and goose's
Feathers men make various uses.
Some folks like to rest their heads
In the night on feather beds.
One of these was Widow Tibbets,
Whom the cut you see exhibits.
Hens were hers in number three,
And a cock of majesty.
Max and Maurice took a view;
Fell to thinking what to do.
One, two, three! as soon as said,
They have sliced a loaf of bread,
Cut each piece again in four,
Each a finger thick, no more.

These to two cross-threads they tie,
Like a letter X they lie
In the widow's yard, with care
Stretched by those two rascals there.
Scarce the cock had seen the sight
When he up and crew with might
Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo;—
Tack, tack, tack, the trio flew,
Cock and hens, like fowls unfed,
Gobbled each a piece of bread;
But they found, on taking thought,
Each of them was badly caught.
Every way they pull and twitch,
This strange cat's-cradle to unhitch;
Up into the air they fly,
Jiminee, O Jimini!
On a tree behold them dangling,
In the agony of strangling!
And their necks grow long and longer,
And their groans grow strong and stronger.
Each lays quickly one egg more,
Then they cross to th' other shore.
Widow Tibbets in her chamber,
By these death-cries waked from slumber,
Rushes out with bodeful thought:
Heavens! what sight her vision caught!
From her eyes the tears are streaming:
"Oh, my cares, my toil, my dreaming!
Ah, life's fairest hope," says she,
"Hangs upon that apple-tree."
Heart-sick (you may well suppose),
For the carving-knife she goes;
Cuts the bodies from the bough,

Hanging cold and lifeless now;
And in silence, bathed in tears,
Through her house-door disappears.

This was the bad boys' first trick,
But the second follows quick.

TRICK SECOND.

WHEN the worthy Widow Tibbets
(Whom the cut below exhibits)
Had recovered, on the morrow,
From the dreadful shock of sorrow,
She (as soon as grief would let her
Think) began to think 't were better
Just to take the dead, the dear ones
(Who in life were walking here once),
And in a still noonday hour
Them, well roasted, to devour.
True, it did seem almost wicked,
When they lay so bare and naked,
Picked, and singed before the blaze,—
They that once in happier days,
In the yard or garden ground,
All day long went scratching round.
Ah! Frau Tibbets wept anew,
And poor Spitz was with her, too.
Max and Maurice smelt the savor.
"Climb the roof!" cried each young shaver.
Through the chimney now, with pleasure,
They behold the tempting treasure,
Headless, in the pan there, lying,
Hissing, browning, steaming, frying.

At that moment down the cellar
(Dreaming not what soon befell her)
Widow Tibbets went for sour
Krout, which she would oft devour
With exceeding great desire
(Warmed a little at the fire).
Up there on the roof, meanwhile,
They are doing things in style.
Max already with forethought
A long fishing-line has brought.
Schnupdiwup! there goes, O Jeminy!
One hen dangling up the chimney.
Schnupdiwup! a second bird!
Schnupdiwup! up comes the third!
Presto! number four they haul!
Schnupdiwup! we have them all!—
Spitz looks on, we must allow,
But he barks: Row-wow! Row-wow!
But the rogues are down instanter
From the roof, and off they canter.—
Ha! I guess there'll be a humming;
Here 's the Widow Tibbets coming!
Rooted stood she to the spot,
When the pan her vision caught.
Gone was every blessed bird!
"Horrid Spitz!" was her first word.
"O you Spitz, you monster, you!
Let me beat him black and blue!"
And the heavy ladle, thwack!
Comes down on poor Spitz's back!
Loud he yells with agony,
For he feels his conscience free.
Max and Maurice, dinner over,

In a hedge, snored under cover;
And of that great hen-feast now
Each has but a leg to show.

This was now the second trick,
But the third will follow quick.

TRICK THIRD.

THROUGH the town and country round
Was one Mr. Buck renowned.
Sunday coats, and week-day sack-coats,
Bob-tails, swallow-tails, and frock coats,
Gaiters, breeches, hunting-jackets;
Waistcoats, with commodious pockets,—
And other things, too long to mention,
Claimed Mr. Tailor Buck's attention.
Or, if any thing wanted doing
In the way of darning, sewing,
Piecing, patching—if a button
Needed to be fixed or put on,—
Any thing of any kind,
Anywhere, before, behind,—
Master Buck could do the same,
For it was his life's great aim.
Therefore all the population
Held him high in estimation.
Max and Maurice tried to invent
Ways to plague this worthy gent.
Right before the Sartor's dwelling
Ran a swift stream, roaring, swelling.
This swift stream a bridge did span,
And the road across it ran.

Max and Maurice (naught could awe them!)
Took a saw, when no one saw them:
Ritze-ratze! riddle-diddle!
Sawed a gap across the middle.
When this feat was finished well,
Suddenly was heard a yell:
"Hallo, there! Come out, you buck!
Tailor, Tailor, muck! muck! muck!"
Buck could bear all sorts of jeering,
Jibes and jokes in silence hearing;
But this insult roused such anger,
Nature couldn't stand it longer.
Wild with fury, up he started,
With his yard-stick out he darted;
For once more that frightful jeer,
"Muck! muck! muck!" rang loud and clear.
On the bridge one leap he makes;
Crash! beneath his weight it breaks.
Once more rings the cry, "Muck! muck!"
In, headforemost, plumps poor Buck!
While the scared boys were skedaddling,
Down the brook two geese came paddling.
On the legs of these two geese,
With a death-clutch, Buck did seize;
And, with both geese *well in hand*,
Flutters out upon dry land.
For the rest he did not find
Things exactly to his mind.
Soon it proved poor Buck had brought a
Dreadful belly-ache from the water.
Noble Mrs. Buck! She rises
Fully equal to the crisis;
With a hot flat-iron, she

Draws the cold out famously.
Soon 't was in the mouths of men,
All through town: "Buck 's up again!"

This was the bad boys' third trick,
But the fourth will follow quick.

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LAST TRICK.

MAX and Maurice! I grow sick,
When I think on your last trick.
Why must these two scalawags
Cut those gashes in the bags?
See! the farmer on his back
Carries corn off in a sack.
Scarce has he begun to travel,
When the corn runs out like gravel.
All at once he stops and cries:
"Darn it! I see where it lies!"
Ha! with what delighted eyes
Max and Maurice he espies.
Rabs! he opens wide his sack,
Shoves the rogues in—Hukepack!
It grows warm with Max and Maurice,
For to mill the farmer hurries,
"Master miller! Hallo, man!
Grind me *that* as quick as you can!"
"In with 'em!" Each wretched flopper
Headlong goes into the hopper.
As the farmer turns his back, he
Hears the mill go "creaky! cracky!"

Here you see the bits *post mortem*,
Just as Fate was pleased to sort 'em.
Master Miller's ducks with speed
Gobbled up the coarse-grained feed.

From the German of WILHELM BUSCH.
Translation of CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.

THE JUMBLIES.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea;
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You 'll be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big:
But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we 'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are
blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know:

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it 's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat:
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;
And, when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown:
"O Timballoo! how happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,

And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they 've grown!
For they 've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible
Zone,

And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumpling made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are
blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

EDWARD LEAR.

THE HISTORY LESSON.

THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

THERE was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

THERE was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came again.

ANONYMOUS.

SAGE COUNSEL.

THE lion is the beast to fight,
He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
He runs with all his mane.

I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
But if I were, with outward cal-lum
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt;
He's fleetier than the wind,

And when the chamois is in front,
The hunter is behind.

The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums;
I'd choose the former if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow;
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.

And Polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colors of a pris-sum;
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechisum.

ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH.

LIMERICKS.

FROM "A BOOK OF NONSENSE."

THERE was an Old Man with a nose,
Who said, "If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long, you are certainly
wrong!"

That remarkable Man with a nose.

There was a Young Person of Smyrna,
Whose Grandmother threatened to burn her;
But she seized on the Cat, and said, "Granny,
burn that!

You incongruous Old Woman of Smyrna!"

There was an Old Person of Chili,
Whose conduct was painful and silly;
He sate on the stairs, eating apples and pears,
That imprudent Old Person of Chili.

There was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a Bee;
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied,
 "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a Bee."

There was an Old Man in a boat,
Who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"
When they said, "No, you ain't!" he was ready to
 faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

There was an Old Person of Buda,
Whose conduct grew ruder and ruder,
Till at last with a hammer they silenced his
 clamor,
By smashing that Person of Buda.

There was an Old Man of Kamschatka,
Who possessed a remarkably fat cur;
His gait and his waddle were held as a model
To all the fat dogs in Kamschatka.

There was an Old Man of Aôsta
Who possessed a large Cow, but he lost her;
But they said, "Don't you see she has run up a
 tree,
You invidious Old Man of Aôsta?"

There was a Young Lady of Clare,
Who was madly pursued by a Bear;
When she found she was tired, she abruptly expired,
That unfortunate Lady of Clare.

There was an Old Person of Cromer,
Who stood on one leg to read Homer;
When he found he grew stiff, he jumped over the cliff,
Which concluded that Person of Cromer.

There was an Old Man who said, "Well!
Will *nobody* answer this bell?
I have pulled day and night, till my hair has grown white,
But nobody answers this bell!"

There was an old man of Toulouse,
Who purchased a new pair of shoes;
When they asked, "Are they pleasant?" he said,
"Not at present!"
That turbid old man of Toulouse.

There was an Old Man of the Nile,
Who sharpened his nails with a file,
Till he cut off his thumbs, and said calmly, "This comes
Of sharpening one's nails with a file!"

There was an Old Man of the Dee,
Who was sadly annoyed by a Flea;

When he said, "I will scratch it!" they gave him
a hatchet,
Which grieved that Old Man of the Dee.

There was an Old Man on some rocks,
Who shut his Wife up in a box:
When she said, "Let me out," he exclaimed,
"Without doubt
You will pass all your life in that box."

There was an Old Man who said "How
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!
I perceive a young bird in this bush!"
When they said, "Is it small?" he replied, "Not
at all;
It is four times as big as the bush!"

There was an Old Person of Hurst,
Who drank when he was not athirst;
When they said, "You'll grow fatter!" he an-
swered "What matter?"
That globular Person of Hurst.

There was an Old Person whose habits
Induced him to feed upon Rabbits;
When he'd eaten eighteen, he turned perfectly
green,
Upon which he relinquished those habits.

There was an Old Man of the West,
Who wore a pale plum-colored vest;
When they said, "Does it fit?" he replied, "Not
a bit!"

That uneasy Old Man of the West.

There was an Old Man of Marseilles,
Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils:
They caught several Fish, which they put in a
dish,
And sent to their Pa at Marseilles.

There was a Young Lady of Norway,
Who casually sat in a doorway;
When the door squeezed her flat, she exclaimed,
"What of that?"
This courageous Young Lady of Norway.

There was an old Person of Philæ,
Whose conduct was scroobious and wily;
He rushed up a Palm when the weather was calm,
And observed all the ruins of Philæ.

There was once an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they said, "Does it trot?"
He said: "Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear."

There was a young lady in blue,
Who said, "Is it you? Is it you?"
When they said, "Yes, it is," she replied only,
"Whizz!"

That ungracious young lady in blue.

There was a young lady of Greenwich,
Whose garments were bordered with Spinach;
But a large spotty Calf bit her shawl quite in half,
Which alarmed that young lady of Greenwich.

There was an old man, who when little
Fell casually into a kettle;
But, growing too stout, he could never get out,
So he passed all his life in that kettle.

EDWARD LEAR.

MORE LIMERICKS.

THERE was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When they said. "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is—
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THERE was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a Tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the Tiger.

There was a young maid who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?

If I give my mind to it,

I'm sure I can do it—

You never can tell till you try."

ANONYMOUS.

FINIS.

My story's ended,
My spoon is bended:
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door
And get it mended.

16th Century.

ANONYMOUS.

IV. YOUTH.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O THE days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway
 through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the
 quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any
 nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue
 was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days
 gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were
 tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies
 dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along
 the brink
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came
 to drink,

And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's
wayward cry
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days
gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the
eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic
ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every-
thing,—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob
nor sigh,
In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone:

Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are
over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught dis-
cover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted
heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish, that the spring would go
faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring
it!
Such as I wish it to be.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

RIDING DOWN.

Oh, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugle sweet,

The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

NORA PERRY.

A GIRL OF POMPEII.

A PUBLIC haunt they found her in :
She lay asleep, a lovely child ;
The only thing left undefiled
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay
The universal law suspend,
And turn Time's chariot back, and blend
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,
Around her girlish figure pressed,
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art
Comes this dear maid of long ago,
Sheltered from woful chance, to show
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure
That form shall fate of flesh escape,
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape
Itself, imperishably pure.

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN.

IN THE SEASON.

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazelled brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is
And sweeter she than primroses;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SWEET STREAM, THAT WINDS.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid,—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY.

THIS relative of mine,
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,
As a bride.





Beneath a summer tree,
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! . . . what a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace farthingale, and gay
Falbala,
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips!
Whisper me,
Sweet sorceress in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow :

By-and-by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine :
Well I wot
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay !
Her charms had dropped away
One by one ;
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burden, it was, " Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overpast,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

Oh, if you now are there,
And sweet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
'T will all the better please
Grandpapa.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

THE SCHOOL GIRL.

FROM some sweet home, the morning train
Brings to the city,
Five days a week, in sun or rain,
Returning like a song's refrain,
A school girl pretty.

A wild flower's unaffected grace
Is dainty miss's;
Yet in her shy, expressive face
The touch of urban arts I trace,
And artifices.

No one but she and Heaven knows
Of what she 's thinking:
It may be either books or beaux,
Fine scholarship or stylish clothes,
Per cents or prinking.

How happy must the household be,
This morn who kissed her;
Not every one can make so free;
Who sees her, inly wishes she
Were his own sister.

How favored is the book she cons,
The slate she uses,
The hat she lightly doffs and dons,
The orient sunshade that she owns,
The desk she chooses!

Is she familiar with the wars
Of Julius Cæsar?
Do crucibles and Leyden jars,
And Browning, and the moons of Mars,
And Euclid, please her?

She studies music, I opine;
O day of knowledge!
And other mysteries divine,
Of imitation or design,
Taught in the college.

A charm attends her everywhere,—
A sense of beauty;
Care smiles to see her free of care;
The hard heart loves her unaware;
Age pays her duty.

Her innocence is panoply,
Her weakness, power;
The earth her guardian, and the sky;
God's every star is her ally,
And every flower.

WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,—
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

AT INVERSNAID, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;

And these gray rocks, this household lawn,
These trees,—a veil just half withdrawn,—
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake,
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashioned in a dream,
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
But O fair Creature! in the light
Of common day so heavenly bright,
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer;
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;
And seemliness complete, that sways

Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech,—
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father,—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place;
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:

Then why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin;
"God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes;
Her fluttering courtesy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone,
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,

Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter,—it gilds all my rhyme!

And, while we ate the grateful food
(With weary limbs on bench reclined),
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought,—we stood and pledged
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

“The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary,—bless those budding charms!—
Than your own generous heart, I’m sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms!”

She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen;
But, Mary, you have naught to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger-men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign,
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile;
She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel,—
'T is all in vain,—she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face,—I see it yet,—
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light;
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,
The rosy cheek that won't be still:—
O, who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill?

For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a
smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you
gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

HONEY DRIPPING FROM THE COMB.

How slight a thing may set one's fancy drifting
Upon the dead sea of the Past!—A view—
Sometimes an odor—or a rooster lifting
A far-off "*Ooh! ooh-ooh!*"

And suddenly we find ourselves astray
In some wood's-pasture of the Long Ago,—
Or idly dream again upon a day
Of rest we used to know.

I bit an apple but a moment since,—
A wilted apple that the worm had spurned,—
Yet hidden in the taste were happy hints
Of good old days returned.

And so my heart, like some enraptured lute,
Tinkles a tune so tender and complete,
God's blessing must be resting on the fruit—
So bitter, yet so sweet!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

LYING IN THE GRASS.

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing color on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms
sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Are mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her even-song of love is but half-said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose:
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like
prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what sacred love,
Come drifting down upon us from above,
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind;
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose-bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver-blue
The young moon shines from her bright window
through:
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

EDMUND GOSSE.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that 's left me now,—
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!

Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

TO THE VIRGINS.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worst and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;

For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

LAUREL-CROWNED Horatius,
True, how true thy saying!
Swift as wind flies over us
Time, devouring, slaying.
Where are, oh! those goblets full
Of wine honey-laden,
Strifes and loves and bountiful
Lips of ruddy maiden?

Grows the young grape tenderly,
And the maid is growing;
But the thirsty poet, see,
Years on him are snowing!
What's the use on hoary curls
Of the bays undying,
If we may not kiss the girls,
Drink while time's a-flying?

From the Mediæval Latin.

Translation of JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG."

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

LET us live, then, and be glad
While young life 's before us!
After youthful pastime had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us.

Where are they who in this world,
Ere we kept, were keeping?
Go ye to the gods above;
Go to hell; inquire thereof:
They are not: they 're sleeping.

Brief is life, and brevity
Briefly shall be ended:
Death comes like a whirlwind strong,
Bears us with his blast along;
None shall be defended.

Live this university,
Men that learning nourish!
Live each member of the same,
Long live all that bear its name;
Let them ever flourish!

Live the commonwealth also,
And the men that guide it!
Live our town in strength and health,
Founders, patrons, by whose wealth
We are here provided!

Live all girls! A health to you,
Melting maids and beauteous!
Like the wives and women too,
Gentle, loving, tender, true,
Good, industrious, duteous!

Perish cares that pule and pine!
Perish envious blamers!
Die the Devil, thine and mine!
Die the starch-neck Philistine!
Scoffers and defamers!

From the *Mediævæ Latinæ*.

Translation of JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

TO THALIARCHUS.

A SPECTRAL form Soracte stands, snow-crowned,
His shrouded pines beneath their burden bending;
Not now, his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound.

Heap high the logs! Pour forth with lavish hand,
O Thaliarchus, draughts of long-stored wine,
Blood of the Sabine vine!
To-day be ours: the rest the gods command.

While storms lie quelled at their rebuke, no more
Shall the old ash her shattered foliage shed,
The cypress bow her head,
The bursting billow whiten on the shore.

Scan not the future: count as gain each day
That Fortune gives thee; and despise not, boy,
Or love, or dance, or joy
Of martial games, ere yet thy locks be gray.

Thine be the twilight vow from faltering tongue;
The joyous laugh that self-betraying guides
To where the maiden hides;
The ring from finger half resisting wrung.

From the Latin of HORACE.
Translation of SIR STEPHEN DE VERE.

A KNOT OF BLUE.

FOR THE BOYS OF YALE.

SHE hath no gems of lustre bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue.
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,—
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me:
And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,
'T will hold my heart till life shall part,—
That little knot of blue.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

DOLLIE.

SHE sports a witching gown,
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt;
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there 's mischief in her eye,—
She 's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe;

And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabrics of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief:
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that,
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare!
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose!
SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

BEWARE.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

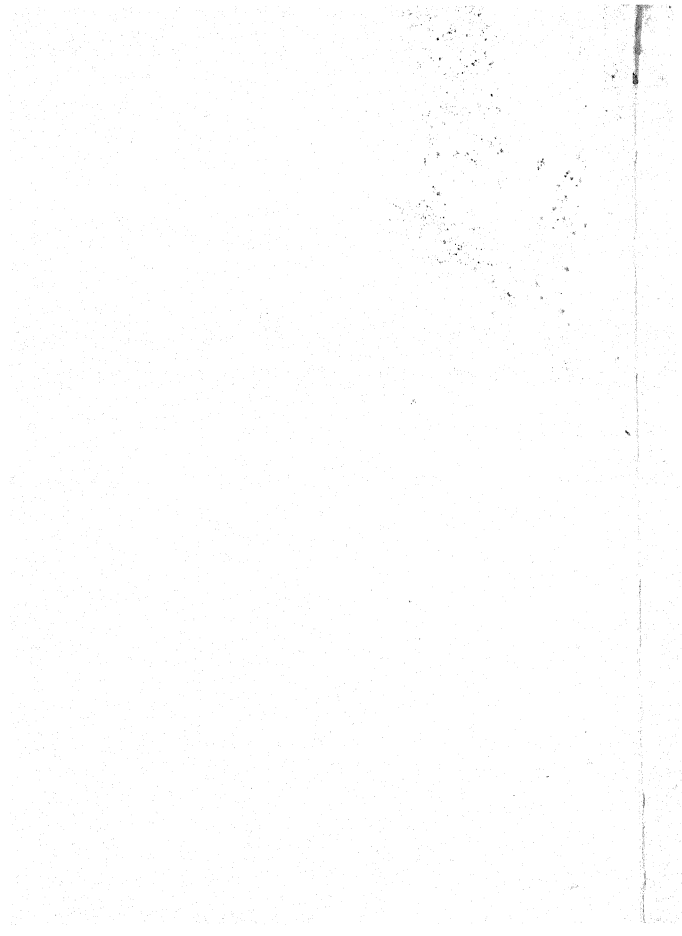
From the German.

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derby city;





Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in.
'Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawled and blustered,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake and shores and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.

"Where are horses changed?"

Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn 's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome—
To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.
To the chimney-nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies).
And the cradle babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!
Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier nor fatter).

Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have—Here the host
Kindly interposes:
“Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir:
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?”

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant;
Hebe's self I thought
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honor,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a courtesy neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer:
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it:
Spilt it every drop
(Dames who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal
'Specially Miss Peg's was
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing "Giovinetti";
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full!

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy;
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keep hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;

Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure:
Now she scours a pot,
And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
Reddened on the metal!)
Ah! but 't is in vain
That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead
And of Indian-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves!
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never showed
Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare,
Happy is the laddy

Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
Tory, Whig, or Radical,
Would all desire
Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Sergeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE GIRL OF ALL PERIODS.

"AND even our women," lastly grumbles Ben,
"Leaving their nature, dress and talk like men!"
A damsel, as our train stops at Five Ashes,
Down to the station in a dog-cart dashes.

A footman buys her thicket, "Third class,
parly;"

And, in the huge-buttoned coat and "Champagne
Charley"

And such scant manhood else as use allows her,
Her two shy knees bound in a single trouser,
With, 'twixt her shapely lips, a violet
Perched as a proxy for a cigarette,
She takes her window in our smoking carriage,
And scans us, calmly scorning men and marriage.
Ben frowns in silence; older, I know better
Than to read ladies 'havior in the letter.

This aping man is crafty Love's devising
To make the woman's difference more surprising;
And, as for feeling wroth at such rebelling,
Who'd scold the child for now and then repell-
ing

Lures with "I won't!" or for a moment's stray-
ing

In its sure growth towards more full obeying?
"Yes, she had read the 'Legend of the Ages,'
And George Sand too, skipping the wicked
pages."

And, whilst we talked, her protest firm and perky
Against mankind, I thought, grew lax and jerky;
And, at a compliment, her mouth's compressure
Nipped, in its birth a little laugh of pleasure;
And smiles, forbidden her lips, as weakness hor-
rid,

Broke, in grave lights, from eyes and chin and
forehead;

And, as I pushed kind 'vantage 'gainst the
scorner,

The two shy knees pressed shyly to the corner;
And Ben began to talk with her, the rather
Because he found out that he knew her father,
Sir Francis Applegarth, of Fenny Compton,
And danced once with her sister Maude at Brompton;

And then he stared until he quite confused her,
More pleased with her than I, who but excused
her;

And, when she got out, he, with sheepish glances,
Said he'd stop too, and call on old Sir Francis.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON
COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crowned the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silvery winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!—

Where once my careless childhood strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on urgent business bent,
 Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:

Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infancy;

The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tears it forced to flow;
And keen remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody madness, laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
 More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY.

SPRING SONG.

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon re cherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,

With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,
Bright-eyes in the orchard ruin,
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,
Whiskey-jack, or tanager,—
Make me anything to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir!

Make me even (How do I know?)
Like my friend the gargoyle there;
It may be the heart within him
Swells that doltish hands should pin him
Fixed forever in mid-air.
Make me even sport for swallows,
Like the soaring gargoyle there!

Give me the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!
Clod of clay with heart of fire,
Things that burrow and aspire,
With the vanishing desire,
For the perishing delight,—
Only the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night!

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Fashion me from swamp or meadow,
Garden plot or ferny shadow,
Hyacinth or humble burr!
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return;
Rills that run and streams that stammer,
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamor
Where the Indian willows burn;
Let me hearken to the calling,
When the silver winds return,

Till recurring and recurring,
Long since wandered and come back,
Like a whim of Grieg's or Gounod's,
This same self, bird, bud, or Bluenose,
Some day I may capture (Who knows?)
Just the one last joy I lack,
Waking to the far new summons,
When the old spring winds come back.

For I have no choice of being,
When the sap begins to climb,—
Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,
Vasts and verges of illusion,—
So I win, to time's confusion,
The one perfect pearl of time,
Joy and joy and joy forever,
Till the sap forgets to climb!

Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world!
Scraps of dream and duds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded colors once so flaring,
Shreds of banners long since furled!
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world!

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore!
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more!

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain,
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the Three Score Inns and Twenty
From the mountains to the main!
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain!

Only make me over, April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower or cone of fir;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir!

BLISS CARMAN.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

FROM "FESTUS."

SAY gray-beards what they please,
The heart of age is like an emptied wine-cup;
Its life lies in a heel-tap: how can age judge?
'T were a waste of time to ask how they wasted
theirs;
But while the blood is bright, breath sweet, skin
smooth,
And limbs all made to minister delight;
Ere yet we have shed our locks, like trees their
leaves,
And we stand staring bare into the air;
He is a fool who is not for love and beauty.

None but the brave and beautiful can love.
Oh give me to the young, the fair, the free,
The brave, who would breast a rushing, burning
world
Which came between him and his heart's delight.
Mad must I be, and what's the world? Like mad
For itself. And I to myself am all things, too.
If my heart thundered would the world rock?
Well,
Then let the mad world fight its shadow down.
Soon there may be nor sun nor world nor shadow.
But thou, my blood, my bright red running soul,
Rejoice thou like a river in thy rapids.
Rejoice, thou wilt never pale with age, nor thin;

But in thy full dark beauty, vein by vein
Serpent-wise, me encircling, shalt to the end
Throb, bubble, sparkle, laugh, and leap along.
Make merry, heart, while the holidays shall last.
Better than daily dwine, break sharp with life;
Like a stag, sunstruck, top thy bounds and die.

Oh! it is great to feel that nought of earth,
Hope, love, nor dread, nor care for what's to
 come,
Can check the royal lavishment of life;
But, like a streamer strown upon the wind,
We fling our souls to fate and to the future.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD.

TO R. H.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:

A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;
A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;
A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down
From rippled water to dappled swamp,
The outward eye, the quiet will,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;
And the striding heart from hill to hill;
The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—
Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;
The resonant, far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;
The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;
(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;
A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;
An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,
Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,
A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,
Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,
A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold and never afraid,
Never heart-whole, never heart-sick
(These are the things I worship in Dick),

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,
A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,
Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—
Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And oh the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,
By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,
Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,
A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;
(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun, and the wind and the
dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon:
The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;
With only another league to wend,
And two brown arms at the journey's end:

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

BLISS CARMAN.

HOPE AND FEAR.

BENEATH the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,
With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,
Hope from the front of youth in godlike cheer
Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men
 grope
Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can
 ope,
And makes for joy the very darkness dear
That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that
 fear
At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.
Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,
May truth first purge her eyesight to discern
What once being known leaves time no power to
 appall;
Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn
The kind wise word that falls from years that
 fall—
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs.
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor;

Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it.

A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the outcast bless his door;

A heritage, it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil

That with all others level stands;

Large charity doth never soil,

But only whiten, soft white hands—

This is the best crop from thy lands;

A heritage it seems to me,

Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;

There is worse weariness than thine,

In merely being rich and great;

Toil only gives the soul to shine,

And makes rest fragrant and benign—

A heritage, it seems to me,

Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,

Are equal in the earth at last;

Both, children of the same dear God,

Prove title to your heirship vast

By record of a well-filled past—

A heritage, it seems to me,

Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TO YOUTH.

WHERE art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then some one seemed to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it; I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart.

If aught befell it, Love was by
And rolled it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'T was not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once pressed invite;
But sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;

The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known
street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

YOUTH.

FROM "YOUTH AND AGE."

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young?—Ah, woful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along:

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

V.

THE HOME.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

HOME.

CLING to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,—
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

From the Greek of LEONIDAS.

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,

That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the
new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as
through.

Only a bounden duty remains for you and
I—

And that's to stand on the doorstep here, and
bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or
twenty years!

Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled about
our ears;

Wonder it's stuck together, and answered till
to-day;

But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old
house was built;

And things that blossomed you would 've made
some women wilt;

And every other day, then, as sure as day would
break,

My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin' me to
"shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes
blue and sad,

For wolves and bears and wildcats was the near-
est ones you had;

But, lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with
all our might,

Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things
was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing
to see?

Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can
be;

All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debt to say but what we own it all
ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now ap-
pears!

But it's never gone back on us for nineteen or
twenty years;

An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin'
fun—

There 's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the
good that it has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that
night,

When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug
and tight:

We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our
house that's new,

But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a
good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the
sun:

Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—we hed 'em all
in one;

And the fat old wooden clock, that we bought
when we come West,

Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin'
its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering
words;

Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the
songs of birds;

And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to mount—
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count.

And here one night it happened, when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool, give in,
And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' clothing *that wasn't for either one*;
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because it wasn't a boy:
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show a half a dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing,—
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing;

And many a little squatter brought up with us
to stay,—
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never
put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and fat and
small!
How they grewed; 't was a wonder how we found
room for 'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it empty
seemed that day
When Jennie lay by the fireplace there, and
moaned her life away.

An' right in there the preacher, with Bible and
hymn-book, stood,
"Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 't
would do us good;"
And the little whitewood coffin on the table there
was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could
see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you
know;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en-a'-most
let go;
And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord
his due,
When the doctor said the fever'd turned, an' he
could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house
dear:

Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we
had here?

Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has
got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a
tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy,—moved up into the
new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as
through;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't
ashamed to say,
There's precious things in this old house we
never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood
before:
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will
flood the floor;
And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts
oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all
the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that
can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old
friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if *my*
opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house
not made with hands.

WILL CARLETON.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

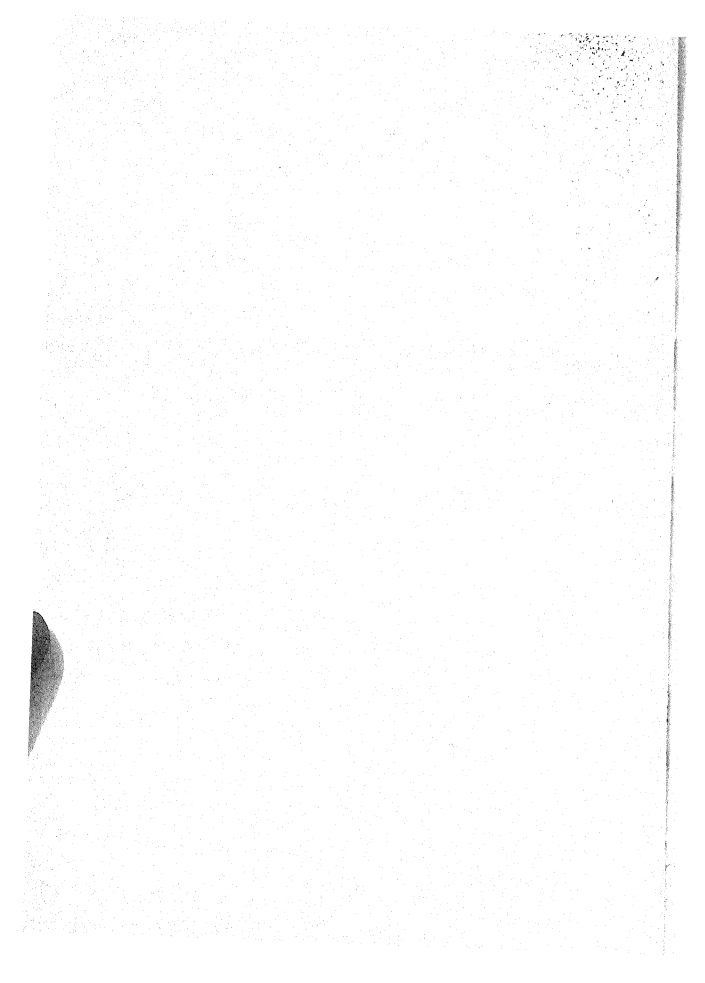
THE stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land;
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light.
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childish tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessèd Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,





They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE AULD HOUSE.

Oh, the auld house, the auld house,—
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa':
How mony cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,—
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house;

And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn 's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,—
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh, how often did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame:
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doon;

The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld how time did pass:
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

LADY NAIRNE

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A NAKED house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot;
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moors receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud galleons chase,
Your garden blooms and gleams again
With leaping sun and glancing rain;
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here,
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see

Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew dediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart ruts beautiful.
And when snow bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth our heritage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's intricate and bright device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IF WE KNEW; OR, BLESSINGS OF
TO-DAY.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
That await us on the road;
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er may be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again;

Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of baby fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along the backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For the reaping by and by.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;

Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had
lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
powered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,

From my home and my weeping friends never to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

AN' O! may I never live single again,

I wish I may never live single again;

I hae a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,

AN' O! may I never live single again.

I've twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',

They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';

I've one at my foot, and I've one at my knee;

AN' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,

The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,

Says, "How are ye, lassie, O, how are ye a',
An' how 's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa'?"
He sings i' the e'ening fu' cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil and the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy 's the father that 's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that 's blythe o' the name,
The cares o' the warld they fear na' to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lassies—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that 's loving and fain,
Ye 'll wish ye may never live single again.

ALEXANDER LAING.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! a year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.

And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,—
This restless curling head from off your breast,—
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow* make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER.

I RISE in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
And then I must scrub, and bake, and sweep,
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
But the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress;
While I must work, because I am old
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;

Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:

Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping your face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His story still gleams in their eyes;
O, these truants from home and from heaven,—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;

Ah! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on its green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said,"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a gentle way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her, not her!"
We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave,
Bid us befriend him to his grave;

Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from our bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love; not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

SEVEN TIMES SIX.

GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:

To see my bright ones disappear,
 Drawn up like morning dews;—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
 Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
 Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
 This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
 “Mother, give ME thy child.”

O fond, O fool, and blind,
 To God I gave with tears;
But, when a man like grace would find,
 My soul put by her fears.
O fond, O fool, and blind,
 God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
 Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
 Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
 Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
 She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To love—and then to lose.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO
GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished
around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-
tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to
eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if
I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I
die!"

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry
dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to re-
cline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but
mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.

THE INGLE-SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze
Like a bonfire frae the sea,
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flow'ry lea;
An' fine it is on green hillside,
Where hums the bonnie bee,
But rarer, fairer, finer far
Is the Ingle-side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree;
And haughs hae a' the scented ware
That simmer-growth can gie:
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warl' complete:
O, the Ingle-side for me!

HEW AINSLEE.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

WHAT is it fades and flickers in the fire,
Mutters and sighs, and yields reluctant breath,
As if in the red embers some desire,
Some word prophetic burned, defying death?
Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,
Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom:
A human, household warmth, their death-fires
shine;
Yet fragrant with high memories they come,

Bringing the mountain-winds that in their boughs
Sang of the torrent, and the plashy edge
Of storm-swept lakes; and echoes that arouse
The eagles from a splintered eyrie ledge;

And breath of violets sweet about their roots;
And earthy odors of the moss and fern;
And hum of rivulets; smell of ripening fruits;
And green leaves that to gold and crimson turn.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark!
What rare Octobers drop with every coal!
Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,
Are hid spring's budding hope, and summer's
soul.

Pictures far lovelier smoulder in the fire,
Visions of friends who walk among these trees,
Whose presence, like the free air, could inspire
A wingèd life and boundless sympathies;

Eyes with a glow like that in a brown beech,
When sunset through its autumn beauty shines,
Or the blue gentian's look of silent speech,
To heaven appealing as earth's light declines;

Voices and steps forever fled away
From the familiar glens, the haunted hills,—
Most pitiful and strange it is to stay
Without you in a world your lost love fills.

Do you forget us,—under Eden trees,
Or in full sunshine on the hills of God,—

Who miss you from the shadow and the breeze,
And tints and perfumes of the woodland sod?

Dear for your sake the fireside where we sit
Watching these sad, bright pictures come and
go;

That waning years are with your memory lit
Is the one lonely comfort that we know.

Is it all memory? Lo, these forest-boughs
Burst on the hearth into fresh leaf and bloom;
Waft a vague, far-off sweetness through the house,
And give close walls the hillside's breathing
room.

A second life, more spiritual than the first,
They find,—a life won only out of death.
O sainted souls, within you still is nursed
For us a flame not fed by mortal breath.

Unseen, ye bring to us, who love and wait,
Wafts from the heavenly hills, immortal air;
No flood can quench your hearts' warmth, or
abate;
Ye are our gladness, here and everywhere.

LUCY LARCOM.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I HAE see great anes and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my
een;

But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, cheery 's the blink o' my ain fireside;
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, there 's naught to compare wi' ane's ain
 fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain heart-
 some ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I 'm merry, and sigh when I 'm
 sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There 's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, there 's naught to compare wi' ane's ain
 fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearth-
 stane,
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken 't for my
 ain;
Care 's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the
 night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'T is heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain
fireside.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY
FIRE.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar,
And, when our earth hath wandered far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening-star!
'T was with thy rays the English Muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues;
'T was by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar things;
By thee she found the homely faith
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,
When Death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch;
The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient wings:
Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets: at thy touch how stirs
Life in the withered words! how swift recede
Time's shadows! and how glows again
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,
As when upon the anvils of the brain

It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's
thought!

Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
They bent and strained
And broke, beneath the sombre weight
Of any airiest mortal word.

What warm protection dost thou bend
Round curtained talk of friend with friend,
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,
To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane!
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems
Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams,
Nictia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest revery,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third;

For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine:
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dream-land reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain,
In Arctic outskirts of the brain;
Sun of all inmost confidences,
To thy rays doth the heart unclothe
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE.

WHEN wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farm-house chimneys,—in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log house, a great hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close
And all the silent land is dark,

When Boreas down the chimney blows
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.

Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable wide hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

JOHN HENRY BONER.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend,
No mercenary bard his homage pays :
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wife's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve * the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie † rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town ;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bra' new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

* By-and-by. † Cautious.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent * hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or
play;
"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny haflins † is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it 's nae wild,
worthless rake.

* Diligent. † Half.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's e'e;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel be-
have;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like
the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the even-
ing gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction
wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
 The soupe their only hawkie * does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan † snugly chows her
 cood;
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck ‡
 fell,
 An' aft he 's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
 How 't was a towmond § auld, sin' lint was i' the
 bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets || wearing thin an' bare:
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn
 air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim:
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures
 rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Elgin" beets ¶ the heavenward
 flame,

* Cow. † Partition. ‡ Cheese. § Twelvemonth.
 | Gray locks. ¶ Kindles.

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the
soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine pre-
side.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

And certès, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content!
And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved
isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted
heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O, never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

A NEW ENGLAND HOME IN WINTER.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,

And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow !

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam.
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed ;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved ?
What matter how the north-wind raved ?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that wintry day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on !

Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HEART-REST.

FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

THE heart of man, walk in which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valleys amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections,—still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find,—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;

The night dischargèd of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

DEAR Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set
free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile, then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please,—
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

From the Latin of CATULLUS.

Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

THE HUDSON.

WHERE in its old historic splendor stands
The home of England's far-famed Parliament,
And waters of the Thames in calm content
At England's fame flow slowly o'er their sands;
And where the Rhine past vine-entwinèd lands
Courses in castled beauty, there I went;
And far to southern rivers, flower-besprent;
And to the icy streams of northern strands.
Then mine own native shores I trod once more,
And, gazing on thy waters' majesty,
The memory, O Hudson, came to me
Of one who went to seek the wide world o'er
For love, but found it not. Then home turned he
And saw his mother waiting at the door.

GEORGE SIDNEY HELLMAN.

THE WANDERER'S HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and time their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laughs at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it makes
you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

IN THE CELLAR.

FROM "BITTER SWEET."

SIXTEEN barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!
Those delectable juices
Flowed through the sinuous sluices
Of sweet springs under the orchard;
Climbed into fountains that chained them;
Dripped into cups that retained them,
And swelled till they dropped, and we gained
them.

Then they were gathered and tortured
By passage from hopper to vat,
And fell—every apple crushed flat.
Ah! how the bees gathered round them,
And how delicious they found them!
Oat-straw as fragrant as clover,
Was platted, and smoothly turned over,
Weaving a neatly ribbed basket;
And, as they built up the casket,
In went the pulp by the scoop-full,
Till the juice flowed by the stoup-full,—
Filling the half of a puncheon
While the men swallowed their luncheon.
Pure grew the stream with the stress
Of the lever and screw,
Till the last drops from the press

Were as bright as the dew.
There were these juices spilled;
There were these barrels filled;
Sixteen barrels of cider—
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent-channels wider!
See the froth, drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about
And wishes his one thought all day:
"O, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"O, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

ANNIE D. GREEN (*Marian Douglas*).

A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM "THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.," ACT II. SC. 5.

KING HENRY.—O God! methinks, it were a
happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:—
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and in giving.
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plough,
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
Have worn its stony highways,
Familiar with its loneliest street—
Its ways were never my ways.
My cradle was beside the sea,
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! In that old, gray town,
Thy vane is seaward blowing,
The slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing:
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it:
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window-vines that clamber yet,
Whose bloom the bee still rifles?

The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fulness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights, oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began,
And hast outlived the longest:
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall;
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all,
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now,
Will then be beaten to the plough.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE SWISS PEASANT.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

TURN me to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion
tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:

No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten to the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot lesson on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With kingle, klangle, kingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—

Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklingleingle,
Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

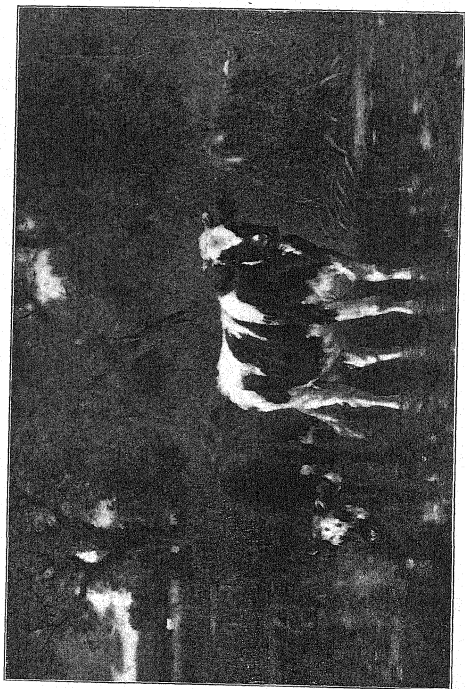
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malime, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—

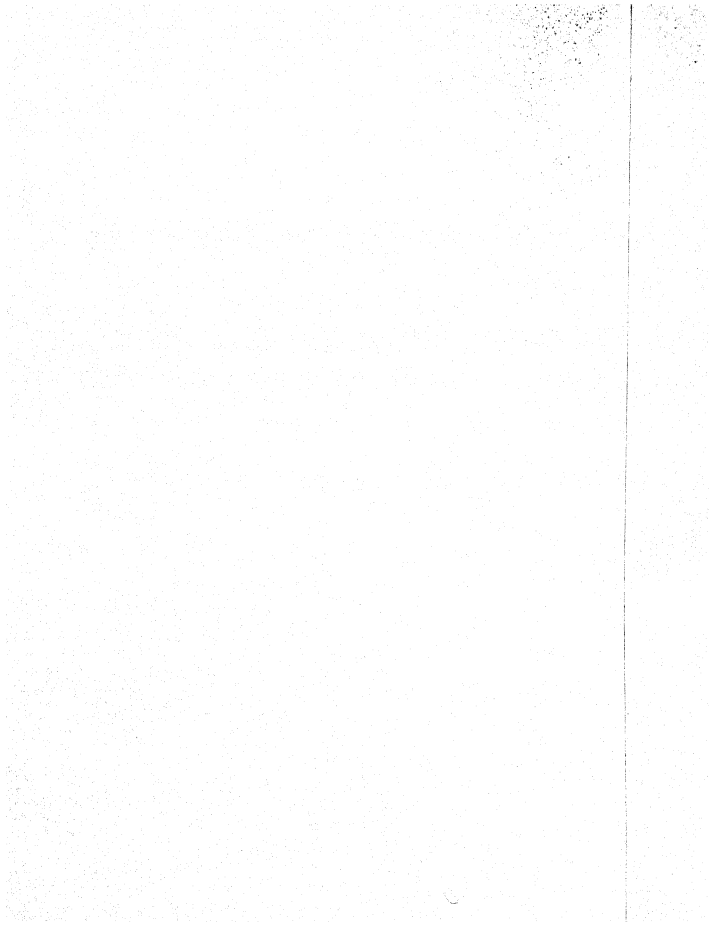
Across the field I hear loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell,
 Go-ling, go-lang, golvingleling,
 With faint far sounds that mingle,
 The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish fears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
 When the cows come home.

 With ringle, rangle, ringle,
 By twos and threes and single,
 The cows are coming home.
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.

 To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
 By threes and fours and single,
 The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
 When the cows come home.

 With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
 Through fern and periwinkle,
 The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream.





To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with butter-cups a twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine,
Come the brook's old song and its old-time
sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With a klinge, klangle, klinge,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines;
And over the silent mill,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With a ting-a-ling, and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

AGNES E. MITCHELL.

HOME SONG.

THERE is rain upon the window,
There is wind upon the tree;
The rain is slowly sobbing,
The wind is blowing free:

It bears my weary heart
To my own country.

I hear the whitethroat calling,
Hid in the hazel ring;
Deep in the misty hollows
I hear the sparrows sing;
I see the bloodroot starting,
All silvered with the spring.

I skirt the buried reed-beds,
In the starry solitude:
My snowshoes creak and whisper,
I have my ready blood.
I hear the lynx-club yelling
In the gaunt and shaggy wood.

I hear the wolf-tongued rapid
Howl in the rocky break;
Beyond the vines at the portage
I hear the trapper wake
His *En roulant ma boulé*
From the clear gloom of the lake.

O! take me back to the homestead,
To the great rooms warm and low,
Where the frost creeps on the casement,
When the year comes in with snow.
Give me, give me the old folk
Of the dear long ago.

Oh, land of the dusky balsam,
And the darling maple tree,

Where the cedar buds and berries,
And the pine grows strong and free!
My heart is weary and weary
For my own country.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

LABOR SONG.

FROM "THE BELL-FOUNDER."

AH! little they know of true happiness, they
whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of
the rankness that kills.
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-pur-
chased slumber enjoys
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
taste of the sleep that destroys:
Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to
sigh for, or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like,
bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er
with its breath;—
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness,
sorrow, and death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest
man among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rud-
der or ploughshare or pen,

Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the
morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,—love-
worshipped children and wife.
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly
the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbblings that
stir not the bosom of kings,—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king
of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks
the strong world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,—
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;

You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy-leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;

Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun—
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash has fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel;
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer;
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;

Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let 's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears;
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let 's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you 'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!
Anon they 'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depths have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls
The wild mare in is bringing,
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller;
And while we thus inspirèd sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry!

GEORGE WITHER.

THE AULD FOLKS.

THE auld folks sit by the fire,
When the winter nichts are chill;
The auld wife she plies her wire,
The auld man he quaffs his yill.
An' meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthful days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their bairnies' bairns,
They talk o' the brave and free,

They talk o' their mountain cairns,
An' they talk o' the rolling sea—
An' meikle lang they speak
O' their youthful days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl it was on the eye.

They talk o' their friends lang gane,
An' the tear draps blin' their e'e;
They talk o' the cauld kirk stane
Where sune they baith maun be.
Yet each has had their half
O' the joys o' this fitful sphere,
So, whiles the auld folk laugh,
An' whiles they drap a tear!

ANDREW PARK.

A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN."

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place
like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer
than all!

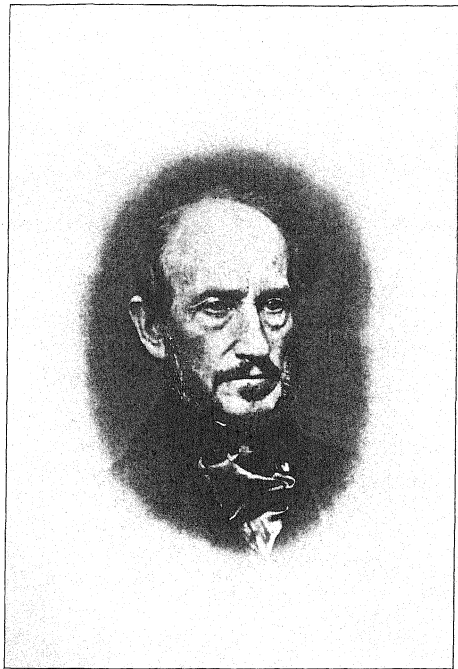
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like
Home!

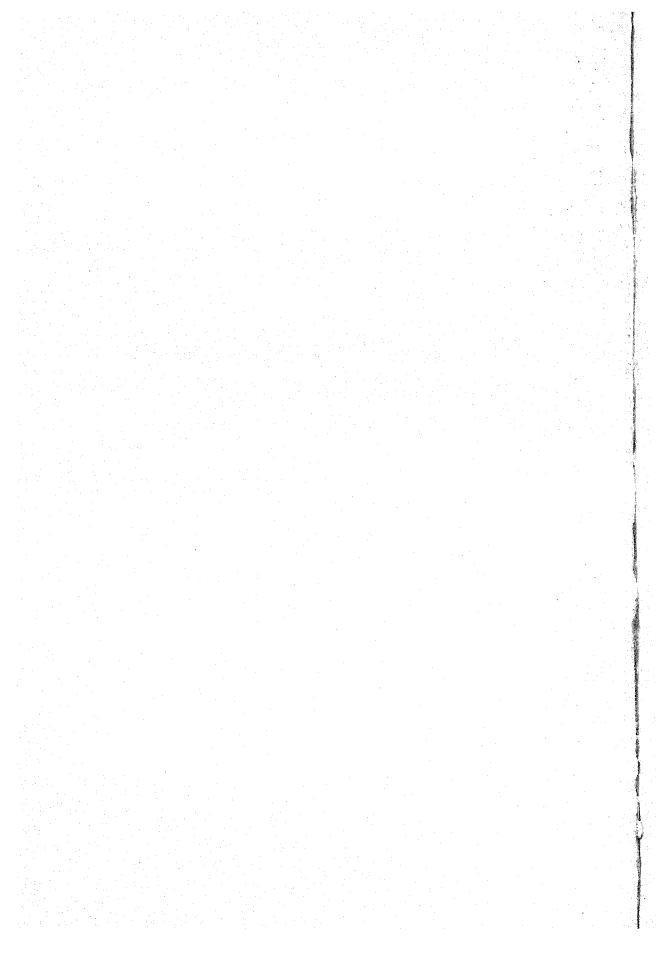
How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's
smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,

But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There 's no place like Home! there 's no place like
Home!

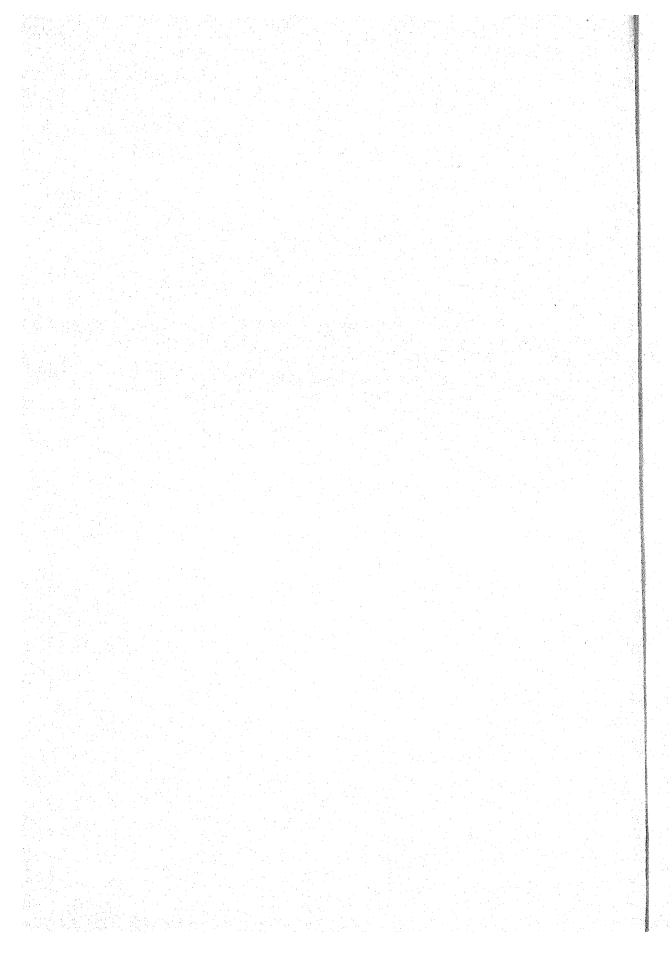
To thee I 'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it so ever so humble, there 's no place like home.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There 's no place like Home! there 's no place like
Home!

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.





POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.



POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again;
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS," NIGHT II.

CELESTIAL Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit Earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in reason; passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From Friendship, which outlives my former
themes,
Glorious survivor of old Time and Death;
From Friendship, thus that flower of heavenly
seed;
The wise extract Earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crowned with smiling joy.

.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I show thee friendship delicate, as dear,

Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and distrust, destroy
Deliberate in all things with thy friend,
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself,
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

Friendship 's the wine of life; but friendship new
(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side,
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart:
High-flavored bliss for gods! on Earth how rare!

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

BILL AND JOE.

FROM "POEMS OF THE CLASS OF 'TWENTY-NINE"
[HARVARD].

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,—

The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;

How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill,
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,—
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends,—whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature,—
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to
friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall
last endure.

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

YOUNG FRIENDS.

FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," ACT III.
SC. 2.

O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry
Due but to one and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly.

SHAKESPEARE.

FRIENDSHIP.

FROM "HAMLET," ACT III. SC. 2.

HAMLET.—Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HORATIO.—O my dear lord—

HAMLET.— Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revèue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,—
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are
those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that
man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learnèd lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts,—whate'er we knowl-
edge call,—
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A WAYFARING SONG.

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

HENRY VAN DYKE.

PARTED FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;

Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET
SILENT THOUGHT.

SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,





And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before;
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.

All Araby and Persia held their breath;
All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried
he;

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless house-
hold fears;

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his
star,

Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;

O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
O, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature im-
prove,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts,
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which were silent then
Would bid thee cheer thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Shall a light word part us now?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
The ebbings of this glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,

When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be
If men, when they 're here, could make shift to
agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make ae body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 't is the best way aya,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink
wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your
side;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a
straw:
Then gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;

We are aye in our joys, our affections, an' a':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are aye high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

ROBERT NICOLL.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented

(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings,—wife, children,
and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,

For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children,
and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands
vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and
friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying em-
bers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How blessed was his home with—wife, children,
and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with—wife, children, and
friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that
cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children,
and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children,
and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of—wife, children, and
friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and
graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall
flavor
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and
friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessèd angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and true,—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WHEN IN DISGRACE.

SONNET XXIX.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

SHAKESPEARE.

JENNY * KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.

* "Jenny" was Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle.

Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I 'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

NOT MARBLE, NOT THE GILDED
MONUMENTS.

SONNET LV.

Nor marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents,
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find
room

Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

XXII.

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

XXIII.

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

XXV.

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

LXXXIV.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where are all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crownèd soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had mastered Time;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this.

CXVI.

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

CXXII.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
 And dream my dream, and hold it true;
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW
 HENDERSON.

He 's gane, he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,*
 Where echo slumbers!
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!

* Eagles.

Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea,
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
 In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
 Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
 He 's gane forever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clamoring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
 Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn.

O rivers, forests, hills and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of wo?
And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall keep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green flowery tresses shear,
 For him that 's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost.

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For thro' your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson, the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone forever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

ROBERT BURNS.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE
THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring
away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?

Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er
mine,

The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what
then?

Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!

The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were
part,

Still round them, like visions of yesterday,
throng;

As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,

When held to the flame will steal out on the
sight,

So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,

The warmth of a moment like this brings to
light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,

To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,

Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,

The wreck of full many a hope shining through;

Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers

That once made a garden of all the gay shore,

Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still
ours,

And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,

Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;

And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the
heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them
the more;
They're ours, when we meet—they are lost when
we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 't
is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure,
through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the
chain.

THOMAS MOORE.

WE LOVE BUT FEW.

OH, yes, we mean all kind words that we say
To old friends and to new;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day:
We love but few.

We love! we love! What easy words to say,
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way,
And, far and near,

Are breath of flowers and carolling of birds,
And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light: we do not weigh our words
At morning time!

But when the matin music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love.
The words have grown!
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bands
No mortal strait,
Nor Death himself, with his prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide, and many friends are dear,
And friendships true;
Yet do these words read plainer, year by year:
We love but few.

ANONYMOUS.

THE GARRET.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:

Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 't is a garret—let him know 't who will—
There is my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise—we join in the triumphant strain—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," cried Laura, enchanted,

"I'll build in this garden; the thought is divine."
So the temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship, to place on the shrine.

So she flew to the sculptor, who sat down before
her

An image, the fairest his art could invent;
But so cold, and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the Friendship she
meant.

"O, never," said she, "could I think of en-
shrining

An image whose looks are so joyless and dim;
But yon little god upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of
him."

So the bargain was struck; with the little god
laden,

She joyfully flew to her home in the grove.

"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the
first maiden

Who came but for Friendship, and took away
Love!"

THOMAS MOORE.

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to
be a maid,
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matri-
mony paid;
Besides, we had our higher loves,—fair science
ruled my heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound
up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that
friendship cannot live
’Twixt man and woman, unless each has some-
thing more to give:
We would be friends, and friends as true as e’er
were man and man;
I’d be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash,—vows, kisses,
tears, and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such
childish arts despise;
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there
was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business
sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together
hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that
young Ambition reared;

We dreamed together of the days, the dream-
bright days to come,
We were strictly confidential, and we called each
other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the
hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the
ruined mills
And rustic bridges, and the like, that picture-
makers prize
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and
summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent
ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath
the trees,
And talked, in long gradation from the poets to
the weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned
slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-
tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly
sympathy.
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of
nebulae,
And thought no more of being *one* than we did
of being *three*.

.

"Well, good-bye, chum!" I took her hand, for
the time had come to go.

My going meant our parting, when to meet, we
did not know.

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a
very heavy heart;

For although we were but *friends*, 't is hard for
honest friends to part.

"Good-bye, old fellow! don't forget your friends
beyond the sea,

And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a
line or two to me."

The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob,
just behind,

Welled upward with a story of quite a different
kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine,—great
liquid eyes of blue,

Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet
cups of dew;

One long, long glance, and then I did, what I
never did before—

Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm sure
the *kiss* meant more.

WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

FRIEND AND LOVER.

WHEN Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend!

But, oh, what anguish to discover

Her lover has become—her friend!

MARY AINGE DE VERE (*Madeline Bridges*).

THE BOYS.

FROM "POEMS OF THE CLASS OF 'TWENTY-NINE"
[HARVARD].

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a
noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's
spite!

Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we
are more?

He 's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the
door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*, if we
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's noth-
ing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mis-
take!

Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have
shed,—

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have
been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old:

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call
"Judge;"—

It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all
fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the
right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-
night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when
we chaff;

There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—
don't make me laugh!

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was
too!

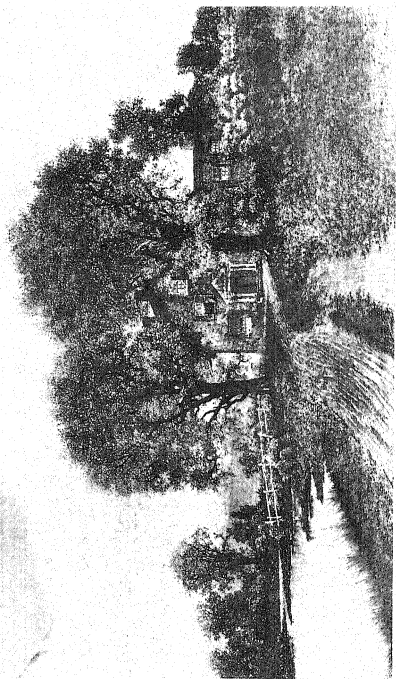
There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker
brain,

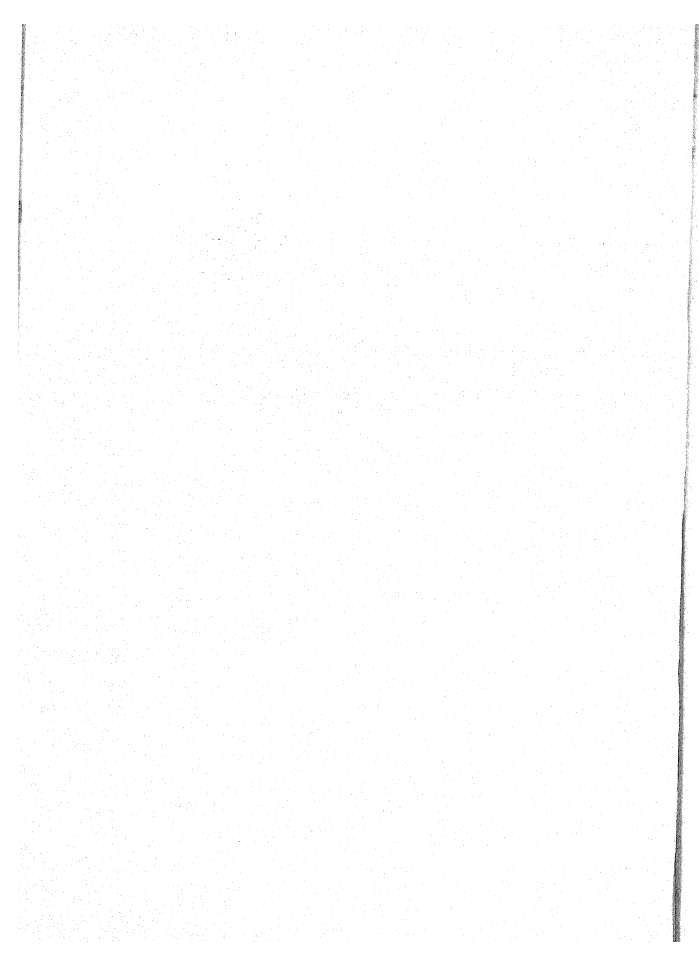
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled
fire,

We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the
free,—

Just read on his medal, "My country," "of
thee!"





You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's
all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has
done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or
with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be
men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and
gay,
Till the last dear companion drop smiling away?
Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, **THE**
Boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather
pure;

And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old
books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes
from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all
cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 't is pleasant to you, friend, and
me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 't is wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'T is a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night, and
the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and
old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my
nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed
chair.

'T is a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten
seat,
With a breaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed
chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered
old arms;
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She 'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her
face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bot-
tomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a
prince;
Saint Fanny my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed
chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's
gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE WELCOME.

ONE night Shah Mahmúd, who had been of late
Somewhat distempered with Affairs of State,
Strolled through the Streets disguised, as wont
to do—

And coming to the Baths, there on the Flue
Saw the poor Fellow who the Furnace fed
Sitting beside his Water-jug and Bread.
Mahmúd stept in—sat down—unasked took up
And tasted of the untasted Loaf and Cup,
Saying within himself, "Grudge but a bit,
And, by the Lord, your Head shall pay for it!"
So, having rested, warmed and satisfied
Himself without a Word on either side,
At last the wayward Sultan rose to go.
And then at last his Host broke silence—"So?—
Art satisfied? Well, Brother, and Day
Or Night, remember, when you come this Way
And want a bit of Provender—why, you

Are welcome, and if not—why, welcome too.”—
The Sultan was so tickled with the whim
Of this quaint Entertainment and of him
Who offered it, that many a Night again
Stoker and Shah forgathered in that vein—
Till, the poor Fellow having stood the Test
Of true Good-fellowship, Mahmúd confessed
One Night the Sultan that had been his Guest:
And in requital of the scanty Dole
The poor Man offered with so large a soul,
Bid him ask any Largess that he would—
A Throne—if he *would* have it, so he *should*.
The Poor Man kissed the Dust, and “All,” said
he,
“I ask is what and where I am to be;
If but the Shah from time to time will come
As now, and see me in the lowly Home
His presence makes a Palace, and my own
Poor Flue more royal than another’s Throne.”

From the Persian of FARÍD-UDDIN ATTAR.
Free translation of EDWARD FITZGERALD.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

FROM “JULIUS CÆSAR,” ACT IV. SC. 3.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.—That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRUTUS.—You wronged yourself to write in
such a case.

CASSIUS.—In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS.— I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS.—The name of Cassius honors this
corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS.—Chastisement!

BRUTUS.—Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS.— Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS.— Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS.—I am.

BRUTUS.—I say you are not.

CASSIUS.—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS.—Away, slight man!

CASSIUS.—Is 't possible?

BRUTUS.— Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS.—O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS.—All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for from this day forth

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

CASSIUS.— Is it come to this?

BRUTUS.—You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS.—You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

BRUTUS.— If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS.—When Cæsar lived he durst not thus
have moved me.

BRUTUS.—Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him.

CASSIUS.—I durst not?

BRUTUS.—No.

CASSIUS.—What? durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS.— For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS.—Do not presume too much upon my
love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS.—You have done that you should be
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS.— I denied you not.

BRUTUS.—You did.

CASSIUS.— I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
rived my heart;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS.—I do not, till you practise them on
me.

CASSIUS.—You love me not.

BRUTUS.— I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS.—A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

BRUTUS.—A flatterer's would not, though they
do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS.—Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, braved by his brother,
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS.— Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS.—Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
BRUTUS.—When I spoke that I was ill-tempered
too.

CASSIUS.— Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

BRUTUS.—And my heart too.

CASSIUS.— O Brutus!—

BRUTUS.—What's the matter?

CASSIUS.—Have not you love enough to bear
with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS.— Yes, Cassius; and from hence-
forth.

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.

*Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,
*To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond Regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.*

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WREATH THE BOWL.

WREATH the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too;
The rich receipt's as follows:—
Take wine like this;
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime

Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

THOMAS MOORE.

A WINTER WISH.

Old wine to drink!—
Ay, give the slippery juice *
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!—
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!—
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned need
Of Oxford's domes;
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie,—
Nor leave behind
The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!—
Ay, bring those chosen few,

The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring WALTER good:
With soulful FRED; and learned WILL,
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood).
These add a bouquet to my wine!
These add a sparkle to the pine!
If these I tine
Can books, or fire or wine be good?

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,

Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,—
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short,—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup,—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.

Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And there's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case—
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;

All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks,
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is as before;
The smiling, red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder;—
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner.
So honest Terré's run his race!"
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"

"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir;
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is—
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
—There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MACKENPEACE THACKERAY.

THE DEAD POET-FRIEND.

THEY told me, Heracleitus, they told me you
were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter
tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him
down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian
guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales,
awake,
For Death he taketh all away, but these he cannot
take.

From the Greek of CALLIMACHUS.
Translation of W. CORY.

MORS ET VITA.

WE know not yet what life shall be,
What shore beyond earth's shore be set;
What grief awaits us, or what glee,
We know not yet.

Still somewhere in sweet converse met,
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we
Were loved and true,—but will death let
Our eyes the longed-for vision see?
We know not yet.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

TO SEEK A FRIEND.

EXTRACTS FROM "FRIENDSHIP."

WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness, of discretion.

If every polished gem we find
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love erected;
Nor such as may awhile subsist,
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend should come disposed,
T' exhibit in full bloom disclosed
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 't is a union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;
But ev'ry virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete;
Plebeians must surrender,
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendor.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon-juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge!
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend, we seem
T' adopt the chymists' golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known,
By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined
First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practised at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And, after summoning all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ADVICE.

If ye would love and lovèd be,
In mind keep well these thingis three,
And sadly in thy breast imprint,—
Be secret, true and patient!

For he that patience can not leir,
He shall displeasance have perquier,
Though he had all this worldis rent:
Be secret, true and patient!

For who that secret cannot be,
Him all good fellowship shall flee,
And credence none shall him be lent:
Be secret, true and patient!

And he that is of heart untrue,
From he be ken'd farewell! adieu!
Fie on him! fie! his fame is *went*:
Be secret, true and patient!

Thus he that wants ane of these three
Ane lover glad may never be,
But aye in some thing discontent:
Be secret, true and patient!

Nought with thy tongue thyself discur
The thingis that thou hast of nature;
For if thou dost, thou shalt repent:
Be secret, true and patient!

THE FRIEND.

FROM "ON FRIENDSHIP."

OF all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can counter-
vail a friend?
Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light
and vain;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honor
suffer stain.
In body's lust man doth resemble but base
brute;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend, good guide
of our pursuit,
Whose hearty zeal with ours accords in every
case;
No term of time, no space of place, no storm can
it deface.
When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth
still;
Thy kin out of their *kind* may swerve, when
friends owe thee good-will.
What sweeter solace shall befall, than [such a]
one to find
Upon whose breast thou may'st repose the se-
crets of thy mind?
He wailleth at thy woe, his tears with thine be
shed;
With thee doth he all joys enjoy, so leef a life is
led.

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
One soul, a wonder shall it seem in bodies twain
to be;

In absence present, rich in want, in sickness
sound,

Yea, after death alive, mayst thou by thy sure
friend be found.

Each house, each town, each realm, by thy stead-
fast love doth stand;

While foul debate breeds bitter bale in each di-
vided land.

O Friendship, flower of flowers! O lively sprite
of life!

O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth
staunch of strife!

NICHOLAS GRIMOALD.

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.

TAKE the world as it is!—there are good and
bad in it,

And good and bad will be from now to the
end;

And they, who expect to make saints in a min-
ute,

Are in danger of marring more hearts than
they'll mend.

If ye wish to be happy ne'er seek for the faults,
Or you're sure to find some thing or other
amiss;

'Mid much that debases, and much that exalts,
The world's not a bad one if left as it is.

Take the world as it is!—if the surface be shining,

Ne'er rake up the sediment hidden below!
There's wisdom in this, but there's none in repining

O'er things which can rarely be mended, we know.

There's beauty around us, which let us enjoy;
And chide not, unless it may be with a kiss;
Though Earth's not the Heaven we thought
when a boy,

There's something to live for, if ta'en as it is.

Take the world as it is!—with its smiles and its sorrows,

Its love and its friendship,—its falsehood and truth,

Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-morrow,

Its hopes which pass by like the dreams of our youth:

Yet, oh! whilst the light of affection may shine,

The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss;

In the worst there's some spark of a nature divine,

And the wisest and best take the world as it is.

CHARLES SWAIN.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

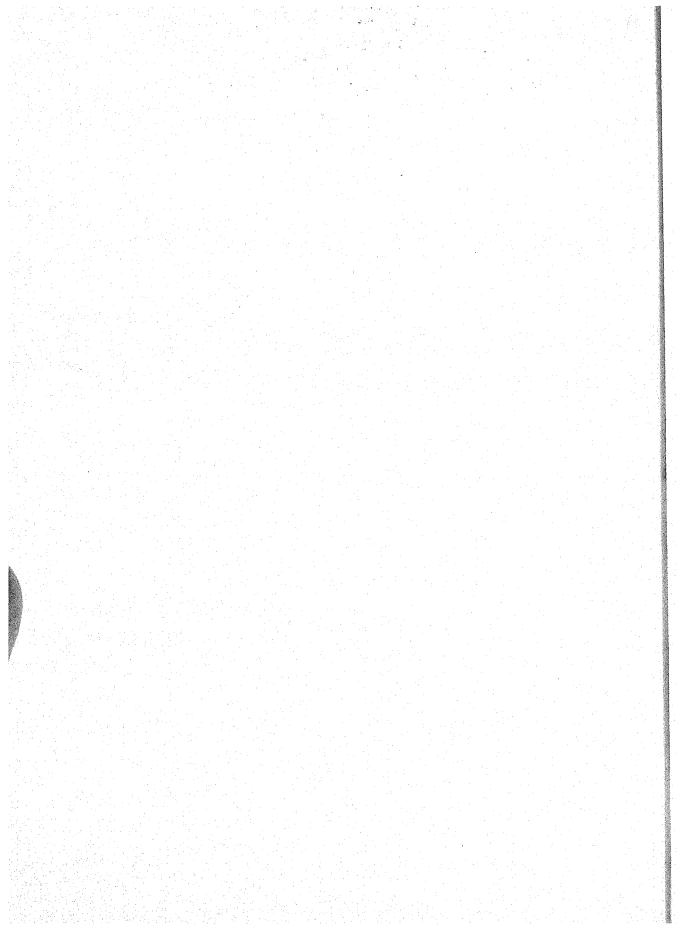
For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

ROBERT BURNS.

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